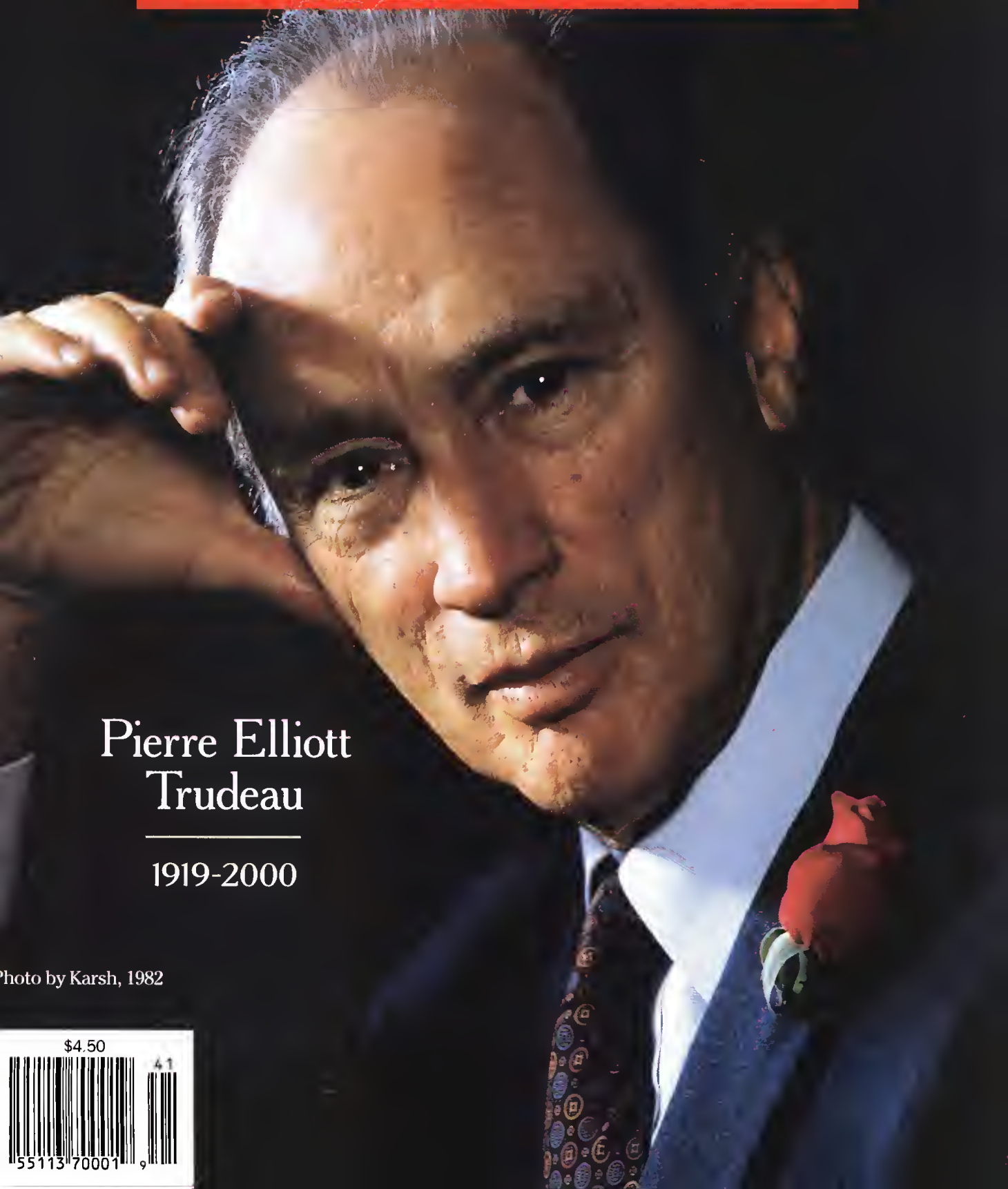
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Maclean's

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Pierre Elliott Trudeau

1919-2000

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This Week

Maclean's
Canada's Weekly Newsmagazine
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October 9, 2000 Vol 113 No. 41

Pierre Elliott Trudeau

1919-2000

Flamboyant and contradictory, he enchanted and often enraged Canadians with his unique vision and passion for the country. For more than 15 years he was prime minister, leaving a record that included the patriation of the Constitution, the Official Languages Act and victory for the federalist forces in the 1980 Quebec referendum on sovereignty. Always controversial, he changed the way Canadians viewed themselves, and the way the world looked at Canada.

A special commemorative section starts after page 34.



Cover photo by Karsh/Comstock

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From the

Editor



The legacy of Pierre Elliott Trudeau

He was a man for the generations Love him or hate him, as people did, Joseph Philippe Pierre Yves Elliott Trudeau defined a new era in Canada. During his 15 years and five months in power, the United States had five presidents Johnson, Nixon, Ford, Carter and Reagan Trudeau made most Canadians feel they had the best man In his time, he rolled with sea changes feminism, student power, the ecology movement, separatism Man went to the moon, Asia was reborn and we saw the dawn of globalization

But last week was a time for personal recollections Everyone, it seemed, had been touched by the man, often directly For someone who was supposedly aloof and cold, he left legions of Canadians with fond memories of their encounters with Pierre de la Plaza Last week, they talked about those meetings the way people remembered where they were when the Kennedy boys were killed or when Paul Henderson scored *the* goal

In my case, two encounters provided insight into his engaging qualities—his wit and his playfulness The first was during dinner in his private cabin aboard a return flight to Ottawa from meetings in Tokyo in the mid-'70s As was his wont, Trudeau complained to the three journalists sipping sake with him at his table about the way they covered him "Prime Minister," I ventured, "if we wrote about you the way you wrote about the Duplessis government of Quebec, you'd have the RCMP after us." With a twinkle in his eye and a wave of his finger, Trudeau replied: "Not the RCMP, the army."

The second encounter was a family affair at the Ottawa airport in the late '70s We scribes were about to board his jet for yet another election swing Our two restless sons were playfully shadow-boxing in the terminal as Trudeau walked by He bent down and joined in the act. To the relief of anxious parents, neither actually hit the prime minister, sparing me a career-ending headline: "Journalist's son bops PM"



Peter Bregg/Maclean's

Trudeau: he defined an era in Canada

On the job, Trudeau was not always a master of his times He made a swift passage from the Just Society of 1968 to "Just watch me" of 1970, almost losing the 1972 election His economic policies were misguided, his international thrusts indifferent, his grasp of the Canadian West slight Yet, even before his death last week in Montreal, an anxious nation had figuratively rallied to his side, united in its reluctance to say goodbye to someone who had made them feel better about themselves and their country

The reason was that Pierre Trudeau stood for—and up to—things The War Measures Act was probably his most popular act He was dedicated to an independent Canada, which embroiled him in several scraps with Washington over U S tankers in our Arctic relations with Cuba's Fidel Castro and growing foreign ownership He cared passionately about rights, whether related to personal freedom or language, and that led to his proudest achievement, the Charter of Rights and Freedoms And, above all, he fervently believed in official bilingualism and in one Canada, braving the wrath of Quebec nationalists along the way Without a doubt, he held us together during two of our darkest hours, the October Crisis and the 1980 independence referendum in Quebec

In the heat of the 1968 election campaign, he enunciated his political credo "One Canada, one nation with two languages, no special privileges to any province I am trying to put Quebec in its place—and the place of Quebec is in Canada, *et c'est ça, le Canada*."

For a man who could evoke every emotion except indifference, he was intensely private The very public breakup of his marriage was especially painful In his last years, he rejoiced in the love of his children and a tight circle of old friends He did not produce a traditional autobiography, or even hint at an epitaph In his heart he must have known what it would be: he spoke for Canada

Robert Lewis

response@macleans.ca to comment on From the Editor



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The Mail



Barenaked Ladies: wittiest band

Barenaked fanatics

"Ladies on top"? Well, it's about time (Cover, Sept. 25). I knew it the first time I saw the Barenaked Ladies in concert in 1994, while getting pelted in the back of the head with uncooked macaroni. This group of young men is one of the most original, innovative and talented to come our way in a very, very long time. They make me laugh (*If I Had a Million Dollars*), they make me cry (*What a Good Boy*) and they make me remember (*Grade Nine*). This is the only group I know of whose songs that do not make it to the airwaves are even better than the fine ones that do. Oh, and by the way, my 20-year-old son and 16-year-old daughter think they're pretty good, too.

Sue Simpson, Windsor, Ont.

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It's about time Canada's wittiest band gets the respect that it deserves. I hope they put their millions of dollars towards sound investments, like a llama or an emu.

Doug Trueman, Calgary

You state that the BNL, "for the first time since they were blacklisted [by former mayor June Rowlands, in 1992], they are performing outside City Hall." I was present when Mayor Barbara Hall announced, "My Toronto includes the Barenaked Ladies!" at a New Year's Eve bash at City Hall in 1994.

Darren W. MacDonald, Aurora, Ont.

I have been a fanatic of the Barenaked Ladies since 1990, have followed them through their good and bad times, and felt that you did them more than justice in your article. I feel that you captured the incredible amount of emotional stress the band has had to deal with since their last release, *Stunt*. As a political, informed young Canadian, I appreciate your magazine's weekly efforts to capture the spirit of Canada both in our nation and around the world.

Andrea N. Smith, Burlington, Ont.

Funding for kids

The announced $2.2-billion increase in federal funding for early-childhood development is crucial ("Ready to rumble," Canada, Sept. 25). Such funding can lead to the acquisition of effective parenting skills that are more likely to ensure the physical and emotional well-being of children, in addition to enhancing intellectual growth. The quality of the neural network of a child's brain is mostly determined by the quality of the care and stimulation received during preschool years. All children deserve to be cherished as a source of joy in the present as well as of hope for the future. This Canadian head start is a definite step in the right direction.

Edith Gvora, Victoria

Focus on victory

I read with interest "Sydney sizzle" (Olympics, Sept. 25), in which the misfortune that befell triathlete Carol Montgomery was documented. My initial reaction was to feel sympathetic to her plight—until I read her comment on the situation. She stated that she prepared herself for the worst "and the worst happened." With all due respect to her athletic ability and hard work, Montgomery had lost that race before she even got on the plane to Australia. Her attitude is all too typical of our international athletes who enter a competition such as the Olympics with a focus on personal best rather than victory. No other nation puts such an emphasis on the concept of personal best as Canada. I fear that personal best is being used as a crutch by coaches who are more concerned with job security than actually helping their athletes win. If we're going to truly compete on the international stage, personal best has to be replaced with world's best.

James E. Agnew, Whitby, Ont.

Conflicting memories

The society on which Claire Hoy looks with such nostalgia, typified by his revered grandmother, is indeed an interesting one and deserving of a more detailed examination ("Pushing the pendulum," Cover Opinion, Sept. 11). Many of us who were as close to this society as Hoy view it from a much different perspective. There are many words that can be used to describe such a society—bigoted, hypocritical and intolerant are three. This was a society where the children of the most faithful churchgoers saw fit (with tacit parental approval) to laugh at their less-fortunate schoolmates, who wore patched clothes and ate lard sandwiches. Given the vagaries of an unregulated marketplace,

there was never any shortage of children who fell into this category. This was a society where a major illness in a family could and often did result in the loss of a home or a farm. Often such losses worked to the monetary benefit of the more righteous members of this society who were in a position to take advantage of their neighbours' misfortune.
Thomas J. O'Gorman, Cobden, Ont

As I read Claire Hoy's article, I found myself increasingly surprised that a major national publication would print such a piece, let alone feature it. I am a conservative in almost all aspects of life—especially in social issues—and I am wondering if maybe, just maybe, I might be considered a normal person one of these days. Your printing this article gives me a bit of hope.
Ken Schamuhn, Grande Prairie, Alta.

I must laugh at Jean Chrétien's belief that he can conveniently separate his selective acceptance of his Catholic beliefs from his party's populist support of abortion ("New might on the right," Cover, Sept. 11). Considering himself a good Catholic while supporting abortion seems to me much too convenient and politically expedient in light of his Church's documented position. At least with Stockwell Day, you know what he thinks, whether it's Sunday or Monday.
P. G. Bickert, Kelowna, B.C.

As a Christian and a confirmed heterosexual, I am not convinced that my sexual orientation is any more sanctified than a homosexual's. Some Christians unfortunately draw upon Old Testament prohibitions against non-reproductive sexuality. But they were pre-Christian heathen tribal proscriptions serving the survival needs of a small population trying to thrive under brutal conditions. Thus, it makes no sense for Christians to draw upon the Old Testament prohibitions. If they insist, they should convert to Judaism or Islam. Christians should remember that Jesus stated in Matt. 5:22 that anyone who calls another a fool "shall be in danger of hell fire." We straights are certainly no closer to salvation than gays, and are as much hindered by pride, lust and other aspects of our carnal nature.
Damian St. Germaine, Toronto

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for more letters

I am incensed by Elizabeth Kalbfleischs letter in which she equates religion with ordered society ("Conservative agenda," Mail, Sept. 25). Has she never heard of the Balkans, or Palestine? Or maybe she just means order in a Christian society. Oops! Northern Ireland spoils that argument. She also uses religion as a proponent of individual freedoms, but fails to mention that her idol, Stockwell Day—an upholder of the "classical liberal tradition"—does not want selected groups of people to employ their individual freedoms. We non-religious and the equally contemptuous new left, in her opinion, are forever bound together, which is utter, utter nonsense.
Bruce Little, Hamilton

Marconi's telegraph

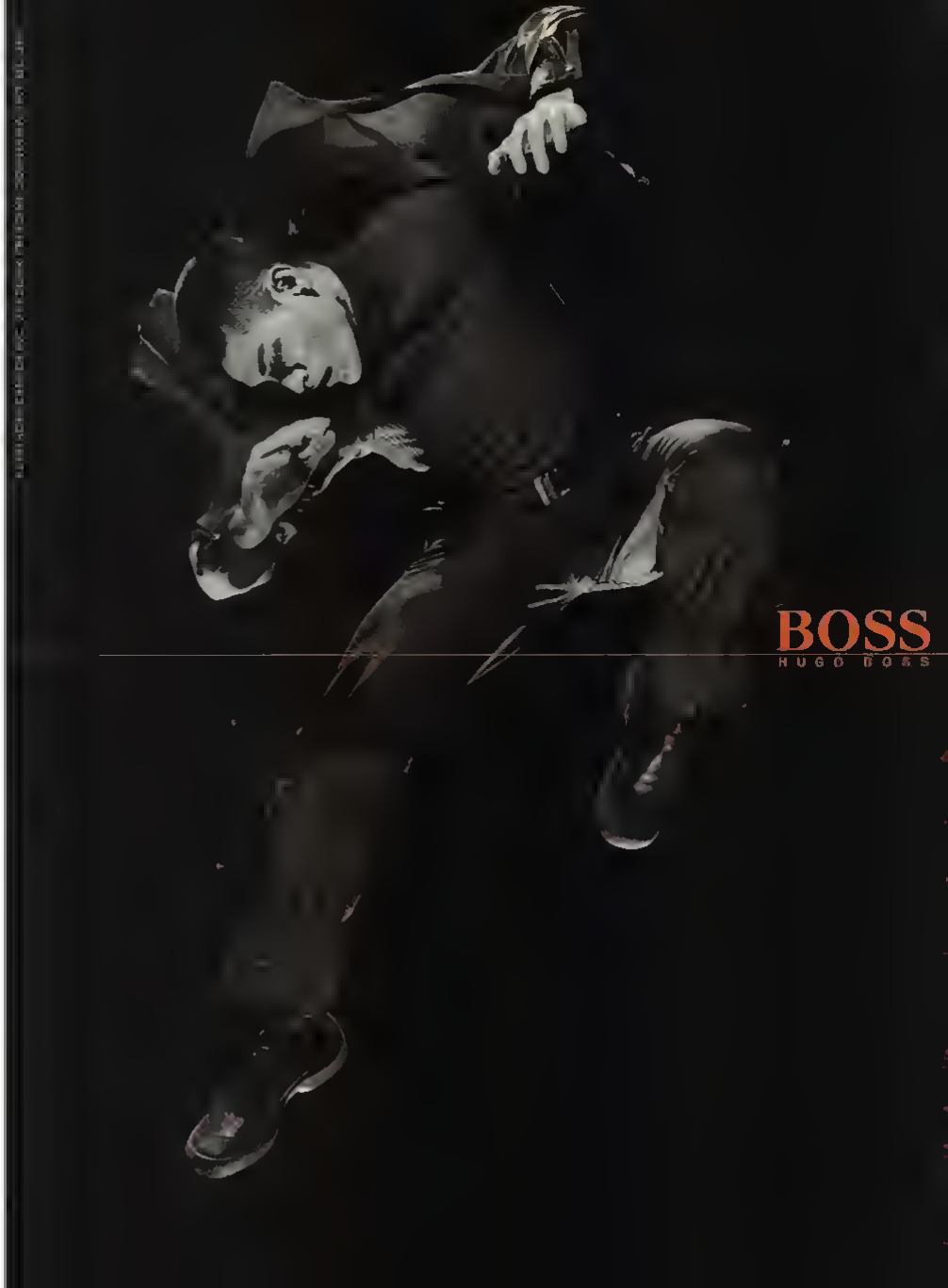
"Historical hoopla" (Overture, Aug. 14) is not entirely accurate. Guglielmo Marconi did not send a radio message from Signal Hill in St. John's, Nfld., he sent a wireless telegraphic message. That is why for years many referred to Signal Hill as Telegraph Hill. Newfoundland was a British colony and the Anglo-American Telegraph Co. had exclusive rights to telegraphy, so Marconi was banned from further activities in the colony. He was, however, persuaded to establish himself in Glace Bay, N.S., the following year, where, in December, 1902, he sent the world's first radio message to ships at sea. The original site in Glace Bay now has a museum where one can see the remains of the huge radio towers used by Marconi. It is time Canadian history became less folkloric and more accurate about this great Italian inventor.
René J. Marin, Marconi Celebration Trust in Canada, Ottawa

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Overture

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Edited by Anthony Wilson-Smith
with Shanda Deziel

Over and Under Achievers

The e-merging Roy

A musical extravaganza! Paul: 'Yoo-hoo, U2!' Roy: 'Goin' to the chapel, darlin'...' Steve: 'This land is my land!' And Bill: 'Breakin' up is (unnecessary) to do!'

- **Paul Martin:** Encourages tiresome trend of celebrities posing as policy-makers by chilling with Bono at finance meeting in Prague. He should have run ideas by Stompin' Tom first.
- **Roy Romanow:** Longest-serving premier bows out with a stir as he suggests Liberal-NDP merger. Upside: a party with the commitment to principle of the NDP and the electoral track record of the Liberals. Downside: the reverse.



- **Steve Nash:** Our Olympic basketball hero is a gold-medal guy in character. Who loves ya, baby? *We* do!
- **Cold medication:** No, it still doesn't cure what ails you. But widespread use gives new meaning to Olympics motto of faster, *higher* and stronger.
- **The CBC:** Trounces NBC with live coverage versus their tape-delay. Memo to NBC execs: not *all* the world works on your time clock. Get used to it.
- **Microsoft:** Bill Gates can rest easy as company has its breakup put on hold—maybe forever—by U.S. Supreme Court. Or as tabs would say: *Eeeek! Court speaks; piqued geek has peak week!*



Aislin/The Gazette

Pierre Trudeau's final farewell, as seen by Terry Mosher (aka Aislin)

Overheard

'On lead vocal, Paul Martin'

Paul Martin's top aide, **Ruth Thorkelson**, has a reputation as a no-nonsense political operative, given to blunt assessments of policy issues and opponents. But another side of Thorkelson, 36, was revealed last week when she was left starry-eyed after a stairwell serenade from Bono, U2's lead singer.



Paul Duming/AP

Martin with Bono: which one leaves you most starry-eyed?

Bono, the public face of Jubilee 2000, a group pushing for debt relief for the developing world, met with Martin in Prague last week to support Canada's call for a moratorium on collecting from poor nations. (Martin was there for meetings of the International Monetary Fund and World Bank.) En route to a meeting, Thorkelson and Bono decided to take the stairs, where Bono sang her several bars of a single, *Beautiful Day*, he has released to raise money for the cause. Thorkelson was still gushing about the incident on the flight home to Ottawa—where she then plunged into planning for a possible mini-budget to clear the way for a late-November election. Reality bites—hard.

John Geddes

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Over the Trees

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What's good for Tiger may be bad for others

It was the shot seen round the world. And now everyone wants to duplicate it. On Sept. 10, at the Bell Canadian Open in Oakville, Ont., **Tiger Woods** found himself in a fairway bunker, 218 yards from the pin on the last hole, with only a one-shot lead over **Grant Waite**. Woods used a six iron to fade the ball around some trees and over a pond, landing it a short chip shot from the hole. After one putting, he carded a birdie and won the tournament. Now the 18th hole at Glen Abbey Golf Club is constantly backed up as average players give the "Tiger shot" a go. "They have no chance," says **Richard Stackhouse**, an assistant pro at the Abbey. "A guy that shoots 120 is trying this shot, he can't even hit it 200 yards, and he is trying to hit it out of a bunker 200 yards." Stackhouse says that hardly anyone who tries the shot even makes it to the green, and most players lose their balls in the water. At first, the staff found it amusing, but now it is beginning to slow down play. "We had two guys walk over from the driving range with four range balls each and give it a go," says Stackhouse. "That's the kind of thing we are really discouraging." Not everyone, after all, has the eye of the Tiger.

Shanda Deziel

Overbites

"There aren't that many Canadians left. There's only 25 million. We were once 30 million, but most people fled the country because they tired of listening to **Celine Dion** music."

—Canadian actor-director **Jason Priestley** talks about his homeland on the TV show *Fox News Live*

"We spoke to her people about her going to China. It wasn't possible. Celine is really popular in China."

—A spokesman for Heritage Minister **Sheila Copps** confirms that China made an unprecedented ministerial-level request asking for Copps's help in getting Dion to tour the country. Dion temporarily retired shortly afterward.

King of the half-dollars



For once, there is serious American interest in Canadian currency—but it's not going to improve our exchange rate. A pair of 79-year-old silver half-dollars—known as the "kings of Canadian coins"—will be auctioned on Oct. 5 at the Long Beach, Calif., Coin & Collectibles Expo. They are expected to fetch between $25,000 and $75,000 (U.S.) each. The coins are rare—only about 75 to 100 are known to exist—because very few of the 206,398 pieces minted in 1921 were circulated. There was little demand for them, so most were melted to make half-dollars in 1929.

The two coins are designated as Specimen 61 on a grading scale of 1 to 70. "It could be another 20 years before another one of these coins comes on the market," says **Bob Korver** of Heritage Numismatic Auctions, the designated auctioneer at the Expo. The coins are from the collection of a deceased Kansas businessman. If only the loonie could drum up this much cross-border interest.

John Intini

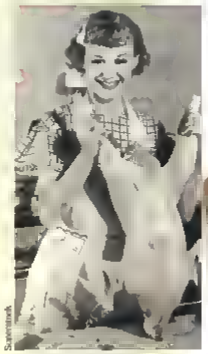
Some favourite gobblers

With the Thanksgiving weekend approaching, turkey emergencies are on the rise. The American Butterball Turkey Talk-Line reports the following favourite questions—and the number of times they have been asked:

"We forgot to thaw the turkey, how can we cook it?": 4,000 TIMES

"The family pet stole the bird, can we still eat what's left?" 420 TIMES

"Our baby arrived unexpectedly—how can we save our cooked turkey?". 380 TIMES



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Overture

PASSAGES



Died: Pierre Trudeau at 80 in Montreal. A special 32-page section on his life and times begins after page 34.

Died: After being captured in the ill-fated 1942 Dieppe raid in the Second World War, Marcel Lambert used the long hours during his three years in captivity to study. Following the war, he returned to the University of Alberta, completed a degree in economics, and then did graduate work at Oxford as a Rhodes Scholar. A relative rarity in those days as a bilingual Progressive Conservative from Alberta, he was first elected to Parliament from Edmonton West in 1957 and went on to serve for 27 years before losing his party's nomination in 1984. While an MP, Lambert served as speaker of the House of Commons and was briefly minister of veterans affairs in John Diefenbaker's government. Lambert died of a stroke in a nursing home in Barrhead, Alta. He was 81.

Died: Eileen O'Connell, a popular NDP member of the Nova Scotia legislature, went public with her struggle with breast cancer two years ago, when she underwent chemotherapy. First elected to represent Halifax-Fairview in a 1996 by-election, she was re-elected in 1998 and 1999. When she disclosed her cancer, she said: "So many people live with it, so I don't think I'm different from anyone else." Her health worsened suddenly last week, and she died of cancer in Halifax at 53, leaving one child.

Obtained: Although he would not divulge for whom he plans to vote, Edmonton-born actor Michael J. Fox took out U.S. citizenship in time to be able to cast a ballot in next month's presidential election. Fox, 39, who recently quit the smash TV series *Spin City* because of the effects of Parkinson's disease, left Canada when he was 18 to begin his acting career, and he has never voted in an election. He said that while "I love my Canadian-ness," the United States "is where I came, was accepted, was able to do what I wanted."

Charged: Best-selling British author and politician Lord Jeffrey Archer, 60, faces five charges, including two counts of perjury, resulting from a 1987 libel trial. Archer is accused of persuading a friend to lie in court on his behalf in a successful $1.1-million suit against the tabloid *Daily Star* newspaper. Police have also been investigating whether he attempted to influence other witnesses in the trial, which centred on the paper's allegations that the married Archer slept with a female acquaintance.

Died: Boxing guru Sammy Luftspring, known as Toronto's high priest of boxing, had his career cut short in 1940 when he was blinded in the left eye after being thumbed by an opponent. At the time, he was a world-class welterweight fighter and was scheduled to have a title fight three months after the incident. He went on to referee more than 2,000 boxing matches, winning himself a spot in the Guinness Book of World Records. He died at 85 in a Toronto hospital.

Settled: Joey Giardello, 70, a former middleweight boxing champion, has settled his defamation lawsuit against the makers of *The Hurricane*—the hit movie directed by Canada's Norman Jewison. Giardello filed a lawsuit in Philadelphia earlier this year against Universal Pictures, Beacon Communications and Azoff Films. Giardello, whose real name is Carmine Tilelli, alleged the film inaccurately showed him being pummelled by Rubin (Hurricane) Carter in their 1964 title fight—a fight in which Giardello was victorious. At the time many boxing experts disputed the judges' unanimous decision in Giardello's favour. "I beat Carter fair and square," Giardello said. "I just wanted to set the record straight."

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Maclean's is published by Rogers Media

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MACLEAN'S established 1905, is published weekly except for one double-issue at year-end by Rogers Media, 777 Bay St., Toronto, Ont., M5W 1A7. Montreal office: 1001 de Maisonneuve ouest, Qué., H3A 3E1. Vancouver office: Ste. 900, 1130 West Pender St., Vancouver, B.C., V6E 4A4.

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ISSN 0024-9262. Full subscription rates for one year, including taxes: Canada $55.08, except Quebec, New Brunswick, Newfoundland and Nova Scotia, $59.21. U.S.A., $76.00 surface or $173.00 first class; all other countries, $215.00 airmail. Printed in Canada by Quebecor Printing Inc.

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Sara Jewell

Kids? Not me, thanks

Dogs don't wear snowsuits—so they don't have to pee as soon as they get dressed to go out. And they don't talk back and they don't need tens of thousands of dollars for a university degree. And you can leave them in the car for five minutes without the Children's Ministry coming after you.

That is why I have a dog. And that's why, at 30 years of age, I can confidently say I'm not going to have children. Right now, you're smiling and saying, "You'll change your mind." I hear that all the time from people who have children and don't want to suffer alone. The man I married doesn't want them either—that was part of his appeal. A friend recently visited us with her 1½-year-old son and now we're pretty darn sure we don't want kids. Too much work. Too much crying. We certainly appreciate our dog more.

Don't get me wrong. Given the choice between hanging out with adults or with kids, I'll often choose the kids. At the last staff picnic, I spent most of the afternoon picking blackberries with the production manager's six-year-old daughter, Emily. We were having so much fun looking at spiderwebs and dragonflies that I missed the staff picture. Even though she wasn't mine, picking berries with Emily still came before the politics of work.

I don't mind that the women I work with talk about their kids, a lot. They have cute stories, a lot of them. Recently, two of my colleagues were discussing their young sons' temper tantrums. I listened and laughed and added tantrums to my list of reasons not to have kids. A dog doesn't lie down in the aisle at Wal-Mart and scream.

I feel bad for my parents and my in-laws. They all would make wonderful grandparents. Thanks to them, my husband and I do have things to offer: healthy bodies, a love of books and animals, artistic inclinations, a sense of humour, a belief we should do more to keep the children of this country safe and healthy and strong. My husband and I will try to do that without having our own offspring.

My own mother actually contributed to my lack of interest in child-rearing. I grew up hearing the story about my birth in 1970, how my mother sat up on the table and told the doctor to "put it back in. I'm going home." Imagine, those were the first words I ever heard! I've also witnessed the reaction of my small cousins when they're threatened with having to sit next to their Aunt Lynda, my mother, if they don't behave. They go into hiding faster than an earwig facing a large shoe. I guess my mom just saved her cuddling and patience for her own children. She may not be your typical mothering role model, but I wouldn't trade her for another. I credit her for making me the happy, well-adjusted woman I am today.

I will make the perfect aunt. I recently visited my colleague, Kim, and her two children. She left me outside playing with her son while she went in to make lunch. It took her almost an hour. I think she was reading another chapter in her book. I was pleased to give her a few quiet minutes to herself. It's the best of both worlds: my friends get time to themselves whether for reading or going out and I get the chance to influence someone in their formative years. When that child starts to fuss—or demand new clothes—I simply hand her back to her folks and close the door. Then curl up on the couch with my husband and the dog and a good, thick book.

Sara Jewell, husband and dog live in Vancouver. Submissions may be sent to overture@macleans.ca or faxed to (416) 596-7730. We cannot respond to all queries.

Newsroom Notes

The Trudeau beat

***Maclean's* editors** and reporters drew on years of experience observing Pierre Trudeau in preparing this week's cover package. Editor-in-Chief Robert Lewis, Ottawa correspondent for the *Montreal Star* and later *Maclean's* Ottawa bureau chief from 1975 to 1982, and Managing Editor Geoffrey Stevens, who arrived in the capital a few months before Trudeau in 1965 and stayed there for nearly all of his tenure, oversaw the effort. Assistant Managing Editor Peeter Kopvillem and Michael Benedict, editorial director of new ventures, who covered Trudeau from 1975 to 1980, edited the articles. Editor at Large Anthony Wilson-Smith, who wrote the main piece, started watching Trudeau in 1980 from Quebec City, then Montreal for *The Gazette*. Peter C. Newman, who was the first journalist to interview the new prime minister in 1968, contributed a column of personal reminiscences, as did Allan Fotheringham, while longtime Trudeau friend Joseph MacInnis provided a moving account of a deep-sea dive more than 30 years ago. Robert Sheppard, an Ottawa hand from the Trudeau era, wrote about the Constitution and charter of rights. National Correspondent Mary Janigan, another former parliamentary press gallery member, analyzed Trudeau's economic policies. Ottawa Correspondent Julian Beltrame recounted the joys and tragedies of the family's life. Many of the photos were by Photo Editor Peter Bregg, who spent 16 years capturing award-winning images of Trudeau. For the team at *Maclean's*, the Trudeau era provided memories for a lifetime. New material on Trudeau and his legacy, plus exclusive photographs, will appear in a special commemorative edition on sale shortly.





Anthony Wilson-Smith

Growing up with Trudeau

A couple of months ago, Brian Mulroney was walking near his Montreal law office when he met Pierre Trudeau. Since the two men worked near each other, and had many acquaintances in common, such an encounter wasn't unusual. This time, Mulroney remarked later, he was "startled" by how Trudeau had aged, but his mental faculties were sharp, and they chatted—primarily about Mulroney's eldest son, Ben, and Trudeau's two sons, Justin and Sacha, who are friends. After Trudeau's illness was announced in early September, Mulroney reflected again on their encounters. "It makes you realize what a remarkable place this country is," he said, "when two former prime ministers can just run into each other like that, and in such a civil way."

Of the things Pierre Trudeau treasured most, that quality was surely among them: the freedom to move about with relative impunity. Despite Canadians' enduring fascination, they allowed him such liberties. As a kid growing up in his Montreal riding of Mount Royal, I remember Trudeau always seemed elusive—visible only on television, or in crushes of people on the odd occasions he showed up in the riding. As prime minister, Trudeau would sometimes walk to Parliament Hill from 24 Sussex Drive, startling onlookers. Later, after his 1984 retirement from politics, his law offices in Montreal with the firm of Heenan Blaikie were in the same building as mine at *Maclean's*, so we sometimes bumped into each other. In person, as people invariably remarked, he was much shorter than expected (five foot 10), but he still filled a room. He had long ago mastered the art of nodding sociably while discouraging further conversation. At some point, he figured out I was a journalist. "How's that curious bluuz-ness of yours?" he asked once, drawing out the word in nasal tones for a sarcastic edge. But he was friendly—once it was clear I wouldn't shove a microphone at him.

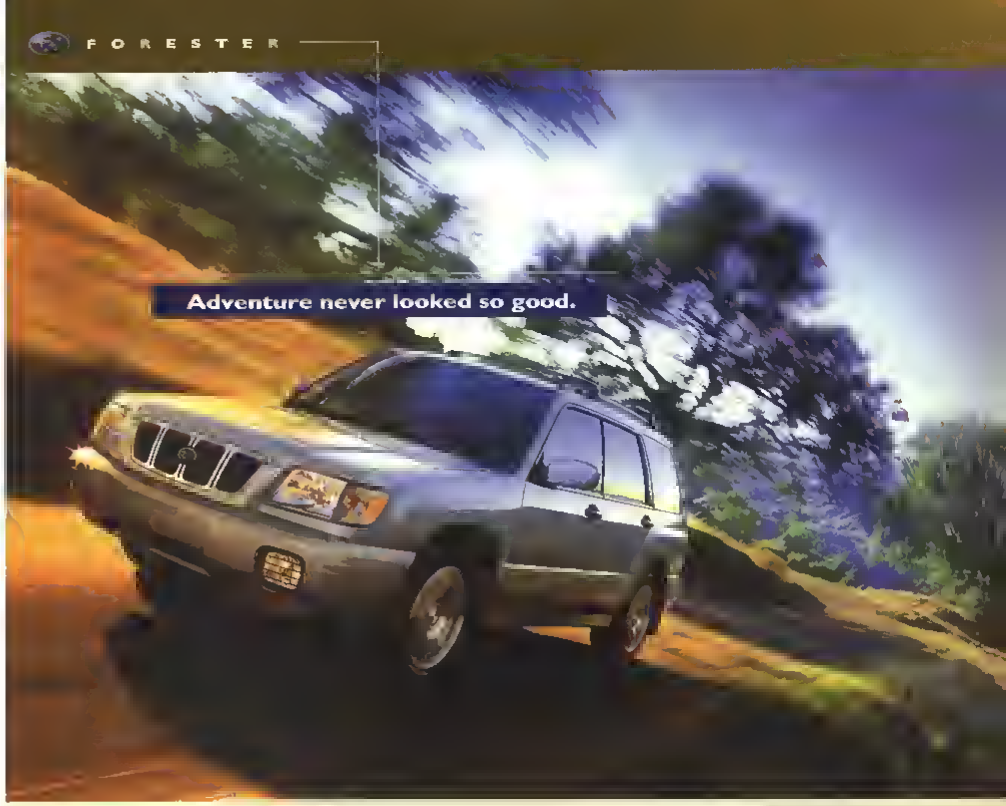
We had acquaintances in common—people such as filmmaker Brian McKenna and some of his former aides. But it was understood that the way to stay friends with Trudeau was to be discreet about him, so they didn't talk, and I didn't ask. Still, twice, I went to lunches with Trudeau and about a half-dozen others at gatherings organized by friends. The routine was the same both times. He sat quietly, listening to others, and became animated when asked about neutral subjects, ranging from skiing to the thoughts of some ancient philosopher. But finally, someone could stand it no more, and would ask him a question related to political events. He'd mumble an answer, fall silent, and regain enthusiasm only when things went back to neutral ground.

Everywhere, people knew of him. In 1985, I was in Haiti covering the violent fall of the dictator "Baby Doc" Duvalier, and was out after curfew one night when my taxi was stopped by a security detail. "American?" asked one, menacingly. "Canadian," I responded. "Ahhh, Trudeau," he said, waving us through. In 1988, I moved to Moscow for *Maclean's*. One of Mikhail Gorbachev's most influential advisers was Alexander Yakovlev, a former ambassador to Canada who had been friendly with Trudeau. At a dinner one night at an Egyptian diplomat's house, the host and an American journalist fell, as a result of my presence, into a brief debate on Trudeau's merits. He was a man of worldwide stature and great elegance, said the host—or something like that. The American was more succinct: "Arrogant bastard," he said with a grimace.

No one was indifferent—despite the efforts of some Quebec nationalists and Gen-Xers to profess same. Mordecai Richler reported recently that when he had dinner with Lucien Bouchard years ago, and asked him the biggest obstacle to Quebec sovereignty, Bouchard replied "Trudeau." Bouchard should know; despite their diametrically opposed politics, he is, with his rhetorical flourishes, eloquence in both languages, and fondness for quoting prophets and poets, the closest thing today image-wise to Trudeau.

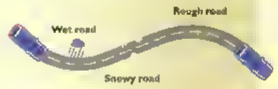
In the Liberal youth wing, many members, still unborn when Trudeau left office, are among the most ardent defenders of his legacy. Canadian Alliance MP Rahim Jaffer says cheerfully that he got started in politics because of his admiration for Trudeau, which continues on a personal level. It's not just the politically active. Over lunch the other day, Toronto-based high-tech guru Jason Martin, who rubs elbows with people like Microsoft CEO Steve Ballmer, recalled an encounter with Trudeau years ago in Ottawa. He was in a downtown mall when he spotted Trudeau, who gave a nod. Jason was so chuffed that he stopped the first person he saw and said, "I just met Pierre Trudeau." The person nodded understandingly. Jason, 30, was 13 when Trudeau quit.

As a kid in elementary school, I wore a Trudeau button when the 1968 leadership campaign began, had his poster in my room, and watched the grainy black-and-white TV coverage of the convention. A couple of years later, I walked to school past sandbags and soldiers outside the Panamanian consulate near my house during the October Crisis, and a decade later, covered him in the 1980 referendum. He's been a constant presence throughout my life—enraging, amusing, engaging, and sometimes disappointing. How you feel about his political achievements depends upon where you sit politically, and historians have bickered about his legacy from the day he left office. Still, name another politician who made you feel so strongly, so often, about so many things. The people, the real people, know what he meant to them.



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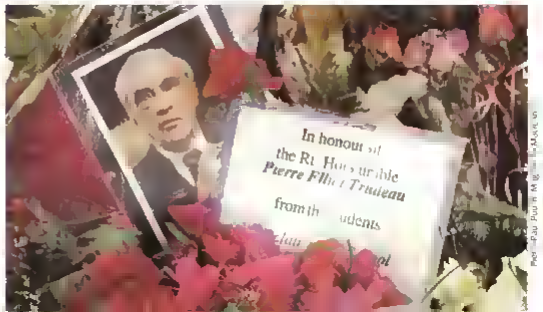


Justin (left), Margaret and Sacha: an outpouring of emotion no less warm than Trudeaumania

Farewell to a Titan

Pierre Elliott Trudeau passes away—and the country responds with an outpouring of emotion

A final visit to Parliament Hill, flowers and tributes left at the door of Trudeau's Montreal home (below); across Canada, ordinary people reflected on his impact, and were inspired once again



By Robert Sheppard

Even for Canada's most celebrated political warrior, some battl end in defeat. Last week, after months of failing health, former prime mi ister Pierre Trudeau succumbed to prostate cancer. The country responde with an outpouring of emotion, more muted perhaps than the tidal wa of Trudeaumania that began his prime ministerial career in 1968, but r less warm. And dignified, as befitted the man who had swashbuckle through Canada's often fractious political life and yet had somehow, alway risen above it.

Parliament stood still—tributes flowed even from longtime adversarie One last time, Trudeau returned to the place he had dominated for 16 year his body lying in state over the weekend in Parliament's Hall of Honor. Throughout two days and nights, Canadians from all corners came to pa their respects, many with children who were born after he left office. His Art Deco home in Montreal, where he died on Sept. 28 at age 80, surrounded by his ex-wife, Margaret, and their sons, Justin and Sacha, became an impromptu shrine for friends and admirers who laid red roses at the front door. And across Canada, ordinary Canadians—Anglo-Albertans who had been inspired to learn French because of him, immigrants who had come to Canada because of his reputation, matronly women who had once flirted briefly with him at some political function—remembered, and were inspired again.

The world, too, remembered. Trudeau's death was front-page news in *The Times* of London and *The New York Times*, which called him "a dashing fighter for Canada." The United Nations Security Council observed a moment of silence. The Queen and other heads of state and government sent their condolences to the Trudeau family. Other prime ministers have left their mark on the world stage. Trudeau didn't just stride the world stage, he danced upon it, his insatiable curiosity and sophistication carrying the rest of us along in his wake.

Few Canadians realized just how ill Trudeau had been. For at least two years, he suffered from Parkinson's disease, a debilitating nervous system disorder, and prostate cancer. Friends said the death of Michel, his youngest son, swept away by an avalanche while hiking in British Columbia in November, 1998, sent Trudeau into a profound depression. And earlier this summer, after a four-day retreat in rural New Brunswick with his son Sacha and old friend Roméo LeBlanc, Trudeau, a celebrated outdoorsman, returned to his Montreal home and suffered a stroke on Aug. 5 that sent him to hospital. "It was a wonderful four days," recalled former governor general LeBlanc, who had been Trudeau's press secretary from 1968 to 1971. "He was so amazed by the world around him."

After lying in state on Parliament Hill, Trudeau's body was to be transported to Montreal by train on Monday for last respects and a state funeral on Tuesday at Notre-Dame Basilica. The federal government has created a Web site for Canadians to pass along their memories and condolences, at *www.trudeau.gc.ca*. He will be buried in Montreal. His legacy will be rooted in the country at large.

A special commemorative section begins after page 34

A Sense of Timing

Liberals have to trust Chrétien that voters will not lash out against a fall election

By **John Geddes** and
Julian Beltrame in Ottawa



The Prime Minister relying on a gut that has rarely failed him, or his party

The name that fills some Liberals with foreboding as they gear up for a likely fall election is not Stockwell Day. It is David Peterson. Voters rebuked the former Ontario Liberal premier, who owned a huge lead in the polls when he called an early election in 1990, and handed the NDP a majority. But when nervous Liberal MPs raised the Peterson parable on political hubris in a recent caucus meeting, they were argued down. Peterson lost, the election hawks countered, because he had supported the unpopular Meech Lake accord. Election timing, they insisted, was not the big issue. Still, among Prime Minister Jean Chrétien's 101 Ontario MPs—for whom the Peterson lesson hits closest to home—sentiment runs against an early fall election. "Our view is that perhaps spring might be a better election time," MP Brenda Chamberlain, the Ontario caucus chairman, told *Maclean's*. "But having said that, we also respect the Prime Minister on his sense of timing."

It comes down to Chrétien's storied instinct. After all, his gut has rarely failed him—or his party. He was proven right in calling an early vote in 1997, less than four years after his 1993 victory. Sure, the Liberal majority shrunk, but it was still a majority. Not that Chrétien has always favoured early elections. Party insiders remember well his private disapproval of John Turner's decision to call one only a few months after winning the Liberal leadership and becoming prime minister in 1984. Turner, of course, was pummelled at the polls by Brian Mulroney. So when Chrétien thinks the time is right, most Liberals are inclined to defer to the boss. In fact, they have little choice: elections aren't called on a show of hands. Chrétien will make the decision—or already has—with a select group of advisers. As for backbenchers with jitters, he sympathizes. "When they say they're nervous, I say that's absolutely natural," Chrétien laughed last week. "This is going to be my 12th election, and every time I was very nervous."

Polls suggest it is his adversaries who should be worried. The Liberals were supported by 47 per cent of decided voters in the latest Ekos Research Associates Inc. poll, conducted in August, up nine points from their winning vote share of the 1997 election. In the same Ekos poll, the Canadian Alliance stood at 23 per cent, up four points from the 1997 vote of its predecessor, the Reform party. Ekos president Frank Graves says the numbers show that even after the wave of publicity surrounding Day's July 8 victory in the Alliance's first leadership race, he has managed only to recapture traditional Reform support—not broaden the base beyond its western strongholds. "Stockwell Day's recognition numbers have been going up dramatically," says Graves. "But to the extent that people have seen him, they are saying, 'Nice pecs, but I don't think I want him for prime minister.'"

Polling numbers can turn after an election writ is dropped—particularly if voters smell crass opportunism on the part of the governing party. "The history books are full of examples of governments being punished for calling an unnecessary election," says Rod Love, Day's chief of staff. Love points to the 1989 Alberta election, not Peterson's 1990 debacle, as the closest parallel to the voter backlash Chrétien might be courting. After the Alberta Liberals selected a popular, new leader, Laurence Decore, Conservative Premier Don Getty waited only a few months before calling a vote. Yet Getty had a large majority at the time and was less than three years into his mandate. He offered few credible reasons for going to the polls. "Getty didn't want Decore to get any traction, so he went for it," says Love. "He came within a hair of losing it." The Alberta Tories' share of the vote dropped to 44 per cent, the first time in almost two decades they had garnered less than half the vote. The Liberal vote jumped to 29 per cent from 12 per cent. Getty lost his own seat.





Peterson (left), Getty: reminders of debacles

Alliance strategists plan to cultivate public resentment over an early election. "They'll pay the price and we'll remind them of it every day," Love vows. Yet Day may have undermined that attack in advance last week when he dared Chrétien to either resign "or call an election based on his record as being the highest-taxing leader of the G-7 countries." It was the sort of Question Period rhetoric that normally goes unremarked, but Liberal strategists pounced gleefully on Day's challenge. How can he demand an election and then complain if one is called? So Chrétien has his pat response for the campaign trail. Still, the Liberals will need a platform—not just a snappy answer to Alliance charges of cynicism—to persuade voters the election has a purpose. Work on core economic policies moved into high gear last week, when Finance Minister Paul Martin ordered his officials to start work on turning his usual fall economic update into what could be a mid-October mini-budget. The highlights would likely be broad, middle-class tax cuts, and more targeted breaks aimed at entrepreneurs and investors in the high-tech sector.

Finance officials said Martin would be hard-pressed to unveil his plan before the week of Oct. 16. With the death of former prime minister Pierre Trudeau, an election call earlier than that week might appear ungracious in any case. Still, leaving the call as late as Oct. 22 would still allow Chrétien to set Nov. 27 as election day, given the legal requirement for at least a 36-day campaign. (Liberal officials stressed that no decision to hold a fall vote has been made—let alone the date decided.) If the date is set for late November, it would be less than 3½ years since the June 2, 1997, federal election. Peterson's calamitous 1990 election came just under three years after he won a majority in 1987. What does he think about the parallel? "I have no advice for the Prime Minister," he said tersely when contacted by *Maclean's* last week. Asked if he thought calling an election before the traditional four-year mark cost him his government, Peterson said: "It was my obvious deficiencies that caused the loss." Now, federal Liberals are hoping any deficiencies of their own can withstand the extra scrutiny that would come with asking Canadians to vote early. M

Signs an election is imminent

The prospect of an election, like a hanging, has been wonderfully effective in concentrating the government's mind. The Liberals knew they had some fence-mending to do in Atlantic Canada, where angry voters in 1997 reduced them to 11 seats from 31. They may need to recoup some of their East Coast losses should there be slippage in Ontario, where holding the 101 of 103 seats they won last time out could prove formidable. The first phase of the win-back-the-Atlantic strategy was put in place on June 29, when Prime Minister Jean Chrétien committed over $700 million to encourage investment in the region. The final piece was hurried into the House late last week, when the government tabled a bill to undo many of the reforms in Employment Insurance that hit the Maritimes and Newfoundland hard by cutting back benefits to seasonal workers. And, surprise, most of the changes were scheduled to come into effect on Oct. 1.

The government has been busy on national issues, as well. On Sept. 11, the Prime Minister and the premiers agreed on a milestone health accord that boosts the federal contribution to $18.3 billion next year from the current $15.5 billion. A further $2.2 billion went for early-childhood development, giving flesh to the government's much-hyped, but little understood, children's agenda. And in the time left for Chrétien to call a fall vote, Finance Minister Paul Martin is widely expected to offer middle-class tax relief in a mini-budget.

Just as critical as positive steps taken to prepare for an election is avoiding pitfalls. If the writ is dropped early enough, the government would be dissolved before Auditor General Denis Desautels has a chance to table a potentially explosive report on the job grants scandal at Human Resources Development Canada. Desautels had been expected to drop his bombshell in mid-October. Some business, as far as the Liberals are concerned, is best left unfinished.

J.B.

Stranger than fiction

Bizarre revelations mark the trial of doctor charged with murdering a fellow physician

By Brian Bergman in Edmonton

It sounds like a movie-of-the-week and, someday soon, it may well be one. A local hospital in a remote northern community is beset for years by internecine warfare among rival physicians, including fisticuffs in the hospital parking lot. One doctor launches a multi-million-dollar civil lawsuit against three colleagues, claiming they conspired to deny him hospital privileges. Suddenly, one of the doctors named in the lawsuit goes missing. Although no body is ever found, the police immediately suspect foul play. The doctor who launched the lawsuit is later arrested and charged with first-degree murder after the presumed victim's blood is found smeared on his clothing and his car. When the case goes to trial, the lawyer for the accused doctor presents a startling defence: no body was found because the alleged victim is, in fact, still alive, having staged his own death in an elaborate scheme to frame his longtime nemesis.

The product of an overwrought imagination? Think again. Over the past four weeks, the stuff of fiction played out for real in an Edmonton courtroom. Abraham Cooper, 61, stood accused of murdering Doug Snider, a fellow general practitioner in Fairview, Alta., a farming community of 3,300 people, nearly 600 km northwest of Edmonton. Crown prosecutor David Stilwell contended that on the evening of May 5, 1999, Cooper lured the 59-year-old Snider to Cooper's office, where he forced Snider to sign a statement saying he had conspired to strip Cooper of the right to admit patients to the Fairview Health Complex. According to Stilwell, Cooper then killed Snider and disposed of the body.



Cooper in May, 1999: a startling defence

Defence lawyer Larry Anderson countered by suggesting Snider was still alive. Last week, Anderson called two witnesses who testified that, five days after Snider disappeared, they had a 20-minute conversation with a man bearing a striking resemblance to the supposedly slain physician. Through it all, the court also heard evidence that Snider had a history of alcohol and drug abuse—and that relations between the two men proved so acrimonious that patient care in Fairview was sometimes put in jeopardy.

Police first learned of Snider's disappearance on the morning of May 6, 1999, when Jean Snider phoned to report that her husband of nearly 40 years had left the family home the previous evening and never returned. As Jean later told the court, Doug had received a call at about 9 the night before, which he said was from "Abe." Jean was well aware of the friction between the two doctors, which had built steadily since 1989, when Cooper arrived in Fairview. Cooper accused his colleagues of improper practices, including unnecessary hospital admissions and surgeries. In 1994, when Snider was chief of staff at the Fairview Health Complex, Cooper lost his hospital rights after he refused to sign a new code of conduct for doctors. Cooper later launched a $3.2-million lawsuit against Snider and two other colleagues, alleging they had schemed to drive him out of business.

Jean said her husband was troubled by the outstanding lawsuit. Just before he left to meet with Cooper that evening, Jean reminded Doug he planned to retire later that year and suggested he settle the dispute by restoring Cooper's hospital privileges. "Why don't you go along with that?" she said. "You won't be here anyway." Doug replied: "There's got to be rules." Those were, Jean said, his final words to her.

Within hours of receiving Jean's call, the police arrived at Cooper's office, where they found blood on the carpet, in the bathroom and on a roll of duct tape. Cooper, though, was nowhere to be seen: he had flown to Florida for a medical conference. Police later seized Cooper's Nissan Maxima at the Edmonton International Airport; dried blood was visible in the car's trunk and on the rear bumper. After he returned, police also found blood on Cooper's shoes and other clothing in his luggage. An RCMP forensics expert later testified that, in most cases, the blood samples matched Snider's DNA—evidence that Cooper's lawyer did not dispute. But Anderson did question why his client would have

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Snider troubled

left his bloodstained car in full public view at an airport parking lot. "One of the things you're going to have to grapple with," he told the eight-woman, four-man jury, "is how it [the blood] got there and by who?"

In an effort to depict Snider as an unstable character, Anderson took every opportunity to dwell on the doctor's personal demons. Under cross-examination, Jean Snider confirmed that her husband was an alcoholic and had used drugs, including Valium and Demerol. Snider spent six months at a rehabilitation clinic in Atlanta in 1994—and, to his wife's knowledge, had not drunk or taken drugs since. But other evidence the defence called last week suggested Snider continued drinking—and resented having to undergo treatment for his addictions. "Even today," Snider wrote in a journal one month before he disappeared, "I cannot say thank-you for intervention."

Two truck drivers testified that they had spoken to a man who looked like the victim six days after he disappeared

In other testimony, former Fairview hospital administrator Dennis Magnusson said that when he arrived in 1992, he was surprised at the staff acrimony, likening the place to a day care. Perhaps the most graphic illustration of this came from former nurse Lisa Westin, who testified that in 1996, when Cooper did not enjoy hospital privileges, a woman suffering from shortness of breath and chest pains arrived at the health centre by ambulance from Cooper's office. Cooper wanted his patient to have an electrocardiogram, but did not want Snider, who was on call, to see her. Westin phoned Snider, who checked on the patient and later admitted her to the intensive-care unit. When Cooper learned that Snider was involved, Westin said, he demanded that she take out the patient's intravenous tubes and get the woman ready for a friend who would collect her in a pickup truck. Westin refused to comply.

In a trial marked by bizarre revelations, none attracted more attention than last week's testimony from two long-distance truck drivers. As Snider's wife and children looked on from the courtroom, Sylvie Loiseau and Terry Anderson recalled how on May 11, 1999—six days after Snider disappeared—they were at home in Nanoose Bay, B.C., when they saw a television news clip about a missing doctor from Fairview. The man's picture, they said, bore a striking resemblance to someone they had spoken to the day before at a Husky truck stop in Golden, B.C. The couple called the RCMP, but when officers later showed them a photocopy of a different picture of Snider, they could not be sure. They asked the officers to provide them with the same photograph they saw on TV. They never heard back from police.

Called as defence witnesses, Loiseau and Anderson were shown the television clip again in court. Although there were some inconsistencies—they said the man they talked with had blondish-grey hair, whereas Snider's hair was darker—they continued to insist the man on the TV clip looked a lot like the person they met in Golden. But under cross-examination, they each admitted they could not positively identify the man as Snider.

For Cooper's lawyer, a positive ID was perhaps not as crucial as potentially sowing reasonable doubt among members of the jury, who were expected to begin their deliberations this week. Whatever their verdict, some clever screenwriter is probably already firing up his computer, eager to mine the truth that is sometimes stranger than fiction. **cn**

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Getting to the hit of the matter

By Chris Wood in Vancouver

Like so much else in modern sport, the final score in the assault trial of former Boston Bruin Marty McSorley may hang on the video replay B.C. Provincial Court Judge Bill Kitchen admitted as much last week, after hearing four days of evidence in the case. Prosecutors charged McSorley last March after he struck Vancouver Canuck Donald Brashear in the head with his stick. The blow dropped Brashear to the ice and sent him into convulsions (he recuperated and is still on the Canucks' roster). To millions who saw it endlessly repeated on TV news reports, there seemed no doubt what the tapes showed: a vicious, blindside attack. Prosecutors, who played the clips again in court, reached the same conclusion. But, the defence challenged, is that really what the tapes show? Possibly not.

After listening to McSorley and viewing other footage that may tell a different story, Kitchen said he would closely examine all the tapes before delivering a verdict later this week. "One of the ultimate issues of this case," he told an overflowing Vancouver courtroom, "is to reach factual conclusions about what is shown."

McSorley was hurting and had reason to be anxious for his future the night the Bruins played Vancouver. For most of a decade, he had been Wayne Gretzky's on-ice bodyguard with the Edmonton Oilers and later the Los Angeles Kings. But after the Kings released him in 1996, McSorley bounced around three other teams before landing with Boston last year. By then the hits were telling on his 6-foot, 2-inch, 230-pound physique. A collision with the boards in Denver in 1998 dislocated his left shoulder, which never fully healed, in part, McSorley testified, because "I couldn't put a brace on it—that would prohibit me from fighting."

Both the Bruins and the Canucks were struggling to save fading playoff hopes. Soon after the opening faceoff, McSorley squared off against Brashear, Vancouver's tough guy. The 28-year-old Brashear pummelled the veteran.

A judge must determine what an NHL tough guy, charged with assault, really meant to do



Chuck Stoody CP

McSorley: 'I was out there to confront Donald'

McSorley repeatedly challenged Brashear to a rematch but he refused. By the final minute, the dejected Bruins were down 5-2 and McSorley was ready for the showers. "I was more than prepared to let that game end sitting on the bench," he testified. But then Brashear took to the ice; Boston sent out McSorley. "With 20 seconds left, I'm the only guy going on. Just me," he recalled on the stand. "It became obvious I was out there to confront Donald." He had only seconds to do so: a fight after the closing horn would draw a 10-game suspension.

By his own account, McSorley approached his target "aggressively." When he reached out toward the Canuck with his stick, McSorley insisted, "I went basically to the shoulder area, to make him stop and fight." But in the split second that followed, Brashear moved—or perhaps McSorley's own weakened shoulder impaired his movements. In any case, according to McSorley, an enlarged version of one tape—entered as evidence—shows "my stick initially struck Mr. Brashear on the top of the shoulder," before sliding up into his face. "If Donald hadn't cut back, I probably would have cross-checked him across the back." Whether the blow to Brashear's *head* was accidental will weigh heavily on McSorley's guilt: the Criminal Code of Canada describes assault as an "intentional" act.

Then again, in a trial the NHL—and even Brashear's own team—opposed, the legal intersection of the Criminal Code and full-contact hockey is largely unmapped. The last player charged with assault, Minnesota's Dino Ciccarelli, was convicted and fined $1,000 in 1988. McSorley, who has not signed on to a team for the 2000-2001 season, has already served the heaviest suspension in NHL history—23 games.

Now it is Judge Kitchen's turn. Faced with two explanations for the same fraction of a second last February, he must try to draw what truth he can from the blurred frames of a slowed-down videotape. ■



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Brian Salkeld/The Regina Leader-Post

Announcing his resignation: 'an interesting journey'

Quitting the club

By Robert Sheppard

Even for a reasonably seasoned reporter, Saskatoon in 1991 was something of a shock. It was a prosperous place—the "jewel of the prairies"—yet some inner-city streets were still unpaved. Did you *know* about this, the visitor asked the province's newest premier, Roy Romanow, the cerebral New Democrat who had just taken the big broom to the free-spending Tories. "Oh yes," he said, dropping that famous guard. "That's my old neighbourhood."

It was hard to say what was more surprising: that at the rich end of the 20th century, a serious Canadian city could still have an entire neighbourhood with dirt streets, or that one of the country's more enduring political figures could emerge from such a poverty-stricken ethnic ghetto without having constantly capitalized on his humble origins. Romanow seemed to arrive on the political scene fully blown: telegenic, savvy, a bit of a technocrat, ever eager to solve the problems of the moment. And when he took his leave last week—at 61, after nine years as premier, nearly 30 in the legislature and with a knack for being at history's front door—he did so in much the same detached way. "In practical, intellectual terms, the time was right," he told *Maclean's*. Emotionally? All he will say: "It's going to be an interesting journey."

By resigning now, after heading a surprise coalition government with three Liberal MLAs for the past year, Romanow gives his successor the option of enlarging the arrangement with the Liberals—what the Europeans call the Third Way of a united centre-left—or ending the deal and toying with an election. Romanow himself could have forced the issue: he has had a long-standing offer from Prime Minister Jean Chrétien to run as a federal Liberal. But Romanow says he is not convinced the Third Way will work in Canada. And besides, he fought too many tough fights as a New Democrat. "I could never turn my back on those people."

Romanow's career mirrors the history of modern-day Saskatchewan. He was around in 1964 when the NDP's forerunner, the CCF, took on the doctors and created medicare: he had taken a break from law school to carry Tommy Douglas's bags. He was Saskatchewan's attorney general in the early 1980s when the Constitution was patriated from Britain with a charter of rights. Romanow's new and very real friendship with his fellow attorneys general—Chrétien in Ottawa and Ontario's Roy McMurtry, now a judge—was instrumental in forging one last assault on a deal that had seemed just out of reach. At the time, Romanow mused privately, it was as if the three forces of Canadian society—the French, the English and the new arrivals—had somehow found their champions. It was the observation of someone who had just been admitted to a club.

Saskatchewan's first Ukrainian (first non-Anglo) premier, Romanow has always been something of an outsider. "It explains his politics," says friend and former adviser Howard Leeson, a political science professor at the University of Regina. "When you come from a minority, you are always trying to grow your political forces. You don't have time for class politics, or left versus right." That may also have contributed to his undoing. "There is no question he paid a price" for his assault on the huge $15-billion debt he inherited from Grant Devine's Tories, observes political scientist David Smith of the University of Saskatchewan. "Often, the most critical have been the lifelong NDPers who accuse him of 'abandoning' the true roots of the party." In his first term as premier, Romanow raised taxes, cut programs and, the biggest test of his resolve, closed 52 mostly rural hospitals in a province where medicare was a sacred trust. The hospital closings led to some innovations in preventive health care. But rural Saskatchewan in particular was fed up with seeing its institutions whither away. And so it turned on the boy from the big city where, rumours to the contrary, not all the streets were paved with gold.

Saskatchewan premier Roy Romanow walks away from a lifetime in politics



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Bill 11 becomes law

The Alberta government's controversial private health-care bill was proclaimed into law. Bill 11 allows private clinics to provide surgical procedures requiring overnight stays, although none of the province's 55 private institutions has yet applied to provide such services. Critics claim the bill will erode public health care. Protests over Bill 11 disrupted the legislature last spring when the legislation was debated.

Hope for a settlement

Special mediator Bob Rae said a negotiated settlement in the native lobster fishing dispute at Burnt Church, N.B., is still possible. With lobsters following their normal migratory patterns and moving into deeper, colder water, last week only a handful of native traps remained in Miramichi Bay, where Department of Fisheries and Oceans officers and local Mi'kmaqs have engaged in a yearlong confrontation over native fishing rights. "I believe the gap is bridgeable," said Rae, who added that both Ottawa and the Burnt Church band have asked him to continue his mediation efforts.

Toughening the rules

In the wake of a number of high-profile cases of spousal violence, the Ontario government introduced legislation to toughen up restraining orders. Under the new rules, which would also cover dating relationships, violation of a restraining order would constitute a criminal offence. But critics called for more funding for women's shelters and crisis lines, saying that abusive men are unlikely to honour court orders to stay away from partners.

A bigger brain drain?

Statistics Canada reported that the country's population grew by an estimated 256,700 between July, 1999, and July of this year to 30,750,000 people. Much of that increase, the federal agency said, was a result of immigration. But Statistics Canada also reported that 62,131 people left the country during that period, an increase from 58,787 the year before. Some observers said that was further evidence of a growing brain drain from Canada to the United States.

Report demands better child care



Peter Bregg/Maclean's

Children in care in Toronto: 'inadequate regulation'

A groundbreaking study suggests that while most Canadian child-care centres are safe—and the staff are nurturing—many facilities are simply warehouses where children's linguistic and intellectual skills are neglected. The $972,000 study, funded by Human Resources Development Canada, urges governments to boost funding to ensure young children get high-quality care. The lack of stimulation is a concern, the study says, because a growing body of research shows that language and thinking skills are key to helping young children succeed in school. "Children are safe," said Gillian Doherty, an adjunct professor at the University of Guelph who worked on the study. "But there is inadequate government funding and regulation."

New Democrats immediately attacked the government's record on child care. "The Liberals take the cake when it comes to broken promises to kids," said Vancouver East MP Libby Davies. But Human Resources Development Minister Jane Stewart said the provinces must be pushed to take advantage of Ottawa's offer to spend $500 million annually on early-childhood development projects for licensed child care. The report's authors, meanwhile, say the current situation is "simply unacceptable."

Homolka wants to serve full term

Karla Homolka is fighting her transfer to a western maximum security psychiatric facility from medium security Joliette Institution northeast of Montreal. And her lawyer, Marc Labelle, said he has informed administrators at Joliette that the sex killer wants to stay in there and serve her full term, which ends in 2005. Corrections officials had indicated last week they would be temporarily moving Homolka, serving a 12-year sentence for her role in the murders of Ontario schoolgirls Leslie Mahaffy and Kristen French, so she can undergo a forensic assessment to help determine her eligibility for early release. Federal inmates may be freed after serving two-thirds of their sentence, but if psychiatrists can prove they are still dangerous, they can be held until their full term expires. Homolka will have done her two-thirds by next July.

Homolka's request to stay in Joliette came in the wake of a furor over photographs published on Sept. 22 showing her and another sex offender, Christina Sherry, dressed in evening gowns and celebrating a birthday. Alliance party Leader Stockwell Day told the House the pictures were symbolic of a system too soft on crime. Ontario Premier Mike Harris also weighed in. "She's being transferred," he said, "as a result of the tremendous failure of the justice system." But Solicitor General Lawrence MacAulay said Homolka's transfer would be routine and not a result of the outcry. He also defended the prison system, saying the women were being socialized as part of their rehabilitation.



EPA, AFP

Rally in Belgrade's Republik Square, Kostunica (below): 'we have won'

Day of Reckoning

By Barry Came in Cetinje

The woman's scowl is as dark as her widow's weeds. She is old, almost old enough to recall Cetinje's past glory, when the city in the mountains served as the royal capital of the Kingdom of Crna Gora, better known to the outside world by its Italian translation as Montenegro. But on this late afternoon, the widow is occupied by present woes—embodied by the five men crowded into the two rooms of her tiny apartment, hastily improvised into a polling station. The men are election officials, appointed by the authorities in faraway Belgrade, Yugoslavia, and they do not want to give a visitor their names. "If my husband was still alive," the woman hisses, her voice dripping with contempt, "he would not be afraid to give his name." She turns her attention to the visitor, offers a sweet cake and a pun, a play on the words in the name of her rugged native land. "These are black days on the black mountain."

Jittery ones at least, certainly for the 650,000 inhabitants of Montenegro, trapped in an uneasy—and unequal—federation with Serbia in all that is left of Yugoslavia. Even more so, perhaps, for any government functionary remotely connected with the tottering regime of Yugoslav President Slobodan Milosevic. For long in advance of the outcome of the Sept. 24 elections, it was readily apparent that momentous events were about to unfold in the troubled Balkan country that Milosevic has ruled with an often bloody hand for the past 13 years. Those five nervous electoral officers in the old woman's apartment in Cetinje clearly sensed the imminent arrival of unsettling developments with incalculable consequences. "Of course we're worried," one later admitted over a cup of bitter Turkish coffee in a nearby sidewalk café. "Nobody knows what will happen if what we are seeing here is the beginning of the end of Milosevic."

When the votes were finally tallied, that did indeed appear to be the result of the elections. To his own dismay, and to the increasing desperation of his entourage, Milosevic found that he had been beaten in the race for Yugoslavia's presidency by a previously obscure 56-year-old constitutional lawyer from Belgrade, Vojislav Kostunica. Supported by an 18-party coalition of Serbian opposition parties, Kostunica soundly trounced Milosevic. By precisely how many votes depends on whose count is ultimately accepted. According to Kostunica's Democratic Opposition of Serbia coalition, the Belgrade lawyer won 55 per cent of the vote in the five-way presidential race to Milosevic's 37 per cent. Yugoslavia's Federal Election Commission—a body dominated by Milosevic loyalists—disputed those figures. It took the federal commission four days to release official results, raising widespread suspicion that the vote had been manipulated. But the commission finally announced that Kostunica had won 49 per cent of the vote and Milosevic 39 per cent, thereby necessitating an Oct. 8 runoff election on the grounds that neither candidate received the constitutionally required 50 per cent of the votes.

Milosevic was defeated in the Yugoslav election—but he continues to cling to power



Saša Stanišić/EPA, AFP

Kostunica and his allies cried foul, vowed to boycott any runoff and called for a massive general strike. More than 200,000 Kostunica supporters took to the streets in Belgrade on Sept. 27 to back the position. They gathered in the Yugoslav capital's Republik Square in what was billed as the largest-ever opposition rally in the country. It was a joyous occasion carried out in defiance of warnings from Milosevic's all-powerful police. Teenagers hung from trees and scaled large buildings, waving Serbian flags and setting off firecrackers. The crowds shook thousands of infant rattles, brandishing leaflets proclaiming that Milosevic had been "broken like a baby's rattle." And they cheered loudest when Kostunica appeared on a huge stage to declare: "We are fighting for democracy. Democracy is about truth. The truth is that we have won the election and they have lost."

Foreign leaders soon weighed in with their own calculated gestures of backing. "It appears from a distance that they had a free election and somebody is trying to take it away from them," said U.S. President Bill Clinton. British Prime Minister Tony Blair was more blunt. "You lost," he told Milosevic. "Go." French President Jacques Chirac, German Chancellor Gerhard Schröder and European Union Executive Commission President Romano Prodi all expressed similar sentiments. Significantly, Russian President Vladimir Putin remained silent, a move widely interpreted as indicating that Milosevic cannot expect much support from longtime ally Moscow, where his brother is Yugoslav ambassador.

Despite the rhetoric, few anticipate either an early departure by Milosevic or an easy one. "It's not only his political survival that is at stake," noted one Western ambassador in Belgrade. "He's actually risking his life and that of his family by stepping down." The UN International War Crimes Tribunal in The Hague has indicted Milosevic as a war criminal. There is, as well, a $7.5-million bounty on his head, which Washington has offered for information leading to his arrest and trial in the Dutch capital. Within Yugoslavia, his enemies are legion, the result of ruthless policies that have provoked four Balkan wars in the space of a decade. The process has witnessed the successive departures from the Yugoslav federation of Slovenia, Croatia, Macedonia and Bosnia, not to mention Kosovo, for all practical purposes now a virtually independent entity under the protection of NATO troops.

Kostunica and his allies are clearly gambling that they can avert another bloody Balkan clash, relying on the sheer weight of Serbian public opinion to keep the Yugoslav army in its barracks and the much-feared paramilitary police off the streets. If the numbers from the ballot boxes are any sign, the strategy may well prove effective. The Sept. 24 elections were not just for the presidency but also for seats in both of Yugoslavia's federal houses of parliament as well as scores of local authorities across the country. Milosevic's forces managed to retain control of both the upper and lower parliamentary assemblies, but only because Montenegro's westward-leaning, independentist President Milo Djukanovic chose to boycott the elections, labelling them a "farce and a fraud." But Kostunica's DOS swept the polls at the local level, winning 105 of the 110 seats on the Belgrade city council and performing similar feats of electoral prowess in almost every major city and town in the country. "The scale of the opposition victory has had a really big influence on many people in the army and police forces," maintained Momcilo Perisic, chief of staff of the Yugoslav army until Milosevic fired him two years ago.

It also appears to have had a devastating effect on Milosevic's inner circle. There were rumours circulating in Belgrade late last week that the strongman's influential wife, Mira Markovic, daughter Marija and son Marko, had fled the country, seeking refuge in Moscow. If that is true, they will

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join Bogoljub Karic, owner of a pro-Milosevic television station in Belgrade, who London's *Daily Telegraph* reported flew to the Russian capital on Sept. 25 with six of his senior staff. Another Milosevic associate, former cabinet minister Milan Beko, resigned as head of the giant Zastava automobile plant in Kragujevac. Even more ominous as far as Milosevic's prospects are concerned are signs of defections from former political allies, led by former prime minister Momir Bulatovic, chief of the Montenegro branch of Milosevic's Socialist Peoples' Party.

Oddly, Milosevic's best hope for survival may well rest with Kostunica himself. The DOS candidate enjoys a well-deserved reputation for integrity, but he is also a Serb nationalist, albeit of the moderate school. He once supported Milosevic's program for a greater Serbia and he remains a vocal opponent of U.S., EU and NATO policies in Kosovo. He is also on record as opposing any attempts to ship Milosevic to the Hague tribunal, a body he has dismissed as "not a legal but a political instrument" subservient to Washington. "As for Slobodan Milosevic's safety during my presidency," he said after the election, "it is regulated by our constitution. The part in which it states that representatives of our country must take care of citizens' safety also refers to the safety of the former Yugoslav president."

Still, there remains widespread fear about the outcome of the Yugoslav elections on Balkan stability. NATO secretary general Lord George Robertson cut short a trip to the Caucasus last week to chair a meeting of the North Atlantic Council, the alliance's political arm, amid what he described as "worries that there might be a spillover of violence from Serbia." Last week, the British sent the aircraft carrier HMS Invincible into the Mediterranean and the Americans embarked on troop and naval exercises in Croatia. On the other side of Serbia, NATO forces are already engaged in training exercises in Romania.

Montenegro is the chief concern, the fear that Milosevic might provoke trouble with Serbia's reluctant partner to divert attention from his own problems at home. The surprising scale of Kostunica's electoral win has dampened those fears, at least for the moment. But they remain palpable in Montenegro itself, nowhere more so than up in the old royal capital of Cetinje. The city, nestled in a bowl in the mountains 30 km west of the present capital of Podgorica, offers proof that the rugged highlands did once enjoy an independent existence. There are 19 former embassies in the city, fading but once elegant villas housing diplomatic missions accredited to the Kingdom of Crna Gora. The state, officially recognized by the Congress of Berlin in 1878, passed into history in the wake of the First World War when it was absorbed by Serbia.

Widespread fear remains over political stability in the Balkans

Under Milo Djukanovic, the 37-year-old current Montenegrin president, the old dreams of independence have been revived. Ever since his election three years ago, he has been engaged in a cat-and-mouse game with Milosevic aimed at slowly but steadily restoring the independence Montenegro lost in 1918. Those recent elections in Yugoslavia may well mark the beginning of the end of Milosevic's dark era and the advent of a better future for Serbia under Vojislav Kostunica. But it may also merely signal another chapter, perhaps less bloody, in an ongoing process that is redrawing the map of the Balkans. m

Markovic, Milosevic soundly trounced

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Tragedy in the Aegean

Life rafts from the Greek ferry Express Samina washed ashore on the island of Paros after the ship sank with more than 540 passengers. About 80 died, including two Canadians. Royal Navy personnel helped in the rescue. The captain and four crew face manslaughter charges.

Violence mars Prague summit

What began as a peaceful march by 12,000 people outside Prague's Hilton Hotel during the annual meeting of the International Monetary Fund and the World Bank degenerated into the worst violence Prague has seen since the 1968 Soviet-led invasion of Czechoslovakia. Almost 150 people were injured and more than 600 detained before the summit ended a day early. The trouble started when hundreds of protesters began throwing rocks at police stationed around the hotel. Delegates from both organizations were locked inside for hours, but were finally rescued when police sent a special subway train to evacuate them. The Washington-based IMF and World Bank were created in the 1940s to promote development and alleviate poverty, especially in the Third World. But critics, claiming the two organizations are pawns of multinational corporations that care little for human rights, have increasingly stepped up their protests. Last year, demonstrators disrupted a meeting of the World Trade Organization in Seattle. Last week, they claimed victory in Prague when the meetings ended early. But delegates said they had wrapped up their work and had no reason to continue.

Violence erupts at a holy Jerusalem site

At least 18 Palestinians were killed and more than 700 injured during clashes with Israeli soldiers in the West Bank, the Gaza Strip and Jerusalem. After Israel's hawkish opposition leader, Ariel Sharon, visited Jerusalem's disputed Temple Mount area—sacred to both Jews and Muslims—six Palestinians died in skirmishes at the site. The next day, Israeli troops opened fire on Palestinian rioters in several locations, killing 12 people. Sovereignty over the Temple Mount has deadlocked the peace process.

Denmark says no to euro

The beleaguered euro was hit with another setback when 53 per cent of Danes rejected it. The euro was adopted in 11 of the 15 EU countries last year. But analysts say the Danish vote may inspire citizens in Britain and Sweden—which haven't embraced the euro—to vote no in their referendums.

Suharto escapes charges

An Indonesian court dismissed all corruption charges against former dictator Suharto after 23 court-appointed doctors found him too sick to stand trial. Suharto, 79, who ruled for 32 years before being driven from office in 1998, was accused of stealing more than $800 million from three charities and diverting the money into companies he controlled.

Airline suit launched

Air France is suing Continental Airlines for unspecified damages over the fatal Concorde crash that killed 113 on July 25 when it slammed into a hotel near Paris. Investigators suspect the accident was caused when a stray piece of metal on the runway from a Continental aircraft shredded one of the Concorde's tires, sending rubber into its fuel tanks, causing it to explode.

Kursk sailors to be retrieved

Russia said it will hire a Norwegian company to help retrieve the remains of 118 crew members from the sunken nuclear submarine Kursk. The sub sank in 108 m of water in the Barents Sea on Aug. 12. Many Russians were outraged that it took their navy, whose rescue efforts were unsuccessful, four days to seek outside help. Now, Russian divers do not have the equipment or the training to retrieve the bodies.

Iceman thawed

Italian scientists have defrosted a 5,300-year-old iceman known as Otzi to take DNA samples in hopes of learning about the people of the region. Climbers found the frozen corpse on a glacier in the Otztaler Alps on the Austro-Italian border in 1991. A territorial dispute with Austria, which also claims ownership of Otzi, had delayed the Italians' research.

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Reviled by some and deified by others, he leaves an indelible imprint on the country he loved

Canada's Champion

By Anthony Wilson-Smith

Throughout his nearly 81 years, Pierre Trudeau seemed to live by extremes: he either filled a room with his charisma and energy, or withdrew completely, making his boredom and lack of interesr apparent to all. One such time came in the fall of 1979, when Trudeau agreed to meet visiting political-science students from Monrreal's Concordia University.

His Liberals had lost the election to Joe Clark's Progressive Conservatives in the spring, and he was struggling with the unaccustomed role of leader of Her Majesty's Loyal Opposition. Shortly before the scheduled 10 a.m. meeting on Parliament Hill, the 20-odd students were squirming nervously in their seats when, one later recalled, "you could feel him enter before you saw or heard him."

In battered sports jacket and casual pants, Trudeau strode energetically to the front of the room and perched, half-sitting, on a table. Without a hello, he gestured at the group and said, "What are your hopes? What are your dreams? Who are you, and what do you want to become?" After a moment's stunned silence, a student asked Trudeau why, as prime minister, he had not used his constitutional power to disallow recent Parti Québécois legislation that declared French to be Quebec's only official language. Trudeau's face turned to stone. He gave a stiff, legalistic answer. Shortly after, he looked pointedly at his watch, mumbled an excuse—and left.

For Canadians, it always seemed that way with Trudeau—there were no half measures, and no telling what he might do or say next. But whether



Peter Bregg/CP Archive

At the 1969 Grey Cup game in Toronto: there were no half measures, and no telling what he might do or say next

'WHAT ARE YOUR HOPES?' he once challenged a student group. 'What are your dreams? Who are you, what do you want to become?'







The classic shrug: hamming it up with a National Press Club tie (below left), stretching an elastic band; mixing with a crowd in Grand Bank, Nfld., (below): wherever he went, he attracted the kind of attention once lavished on royalty

they were enchanted, enraged or rebuffed by the man who was their prime minister for 15 years and five months, they were never indifferent to him. On Sept. 7, when his sons Justin and Sacha issued a statement declaring that their father was "not well" and asking for privacy, Canadians instead turned their attention towards Trudeau again. Reporters camped outside his Montreal home, strangers delivered flowers and get-well wishes, and people across the country speculated about his health. Then, the initial fuss subsided—but the burst of media coverage, much of it nostalgic in tone, had once again put him at the forefront of Canadians' thoughts.

In all, it was the kind of attention once devoted to the passing of royalty. And when the news broke that Trudeau had died of prostate cancer—he had battled pneumonia, compounded by the onset of Parkinson's disease and, perhaps, the depression he felt ever since the 1998 death of his third son, Michel—the tributes came from Canadians of all backgrounds and political persuasions.

Shared sorrow—towards a politician whose legacy will still be debated decades from now. Trudeau's economic achievements were, at best, mixed. His other key accomplishments are easy enough to recount—but often draw vastly different reactions. He overhauled the Criminal Code as justice minister to legalize homosexual acts and abortion, and introduced the Official Languages Act. Add to that the decisive 1980 Quebec referendum victory, the partiation of the Constitution and the introduction of the Charter of Rights and Freedoms—along with such lesser initiatives as lowering the voting age to 18 from 21 and introducing television to Parliament. He also brought forward the 1980 legislation establishing the National Energy Program, which the Liberals said was aimed at safeguarding the country's oil supply from foreign domination.

Almost all of those initiatives have their detractors. Many westerners are still rankled by the memory of the NEP, which lasted until 1984 and was seen as a sign of both unwanted government intervention and, because it established a range of new taxes and price controls over domestically produced oil and natural gas, a symbol of the way in which Central Canada was prepared to siphon money from the West to prop up its own economy. As to the charter, some critics complain that it puts too much power in the hands of judges instead of elected representatives. Others say official bilingualism is artificial and overly expensive. (To that, Trudeau said memorably in 1968: "Of course, a bilingual state is more expensive than a unilingual one, but it is a richer state.")

Even on the issue of Quebec, Trudeau may have done



HE ENTERED POLITICS to keep Quebec in Canada, and his contempt for the nationalist movement was open and undisguised



The pirouette in Buckingham Palace as the Queen walks away, May, 1977: the cameras were always close by

'I'm not really trying to govern in order to be re-elected . . . if the Canadian people don't like it, you know, they can lump it'

—Trudeau, June 28 1970, on CTV's W-Five

as much to stoke the flames of sovereignty in recent years as he once did to try to stamp out the movement. His strong opposition to the Meech Lake constitutional accord in 1990, for one, galvanized anti-Meech forces in English Canada—but the subsequent collapse of the accord gave a strong boost to sovereigntist fortunes. And the incident that drove his poll numbers to their highest levels ever—the October, 1970, imposition of the War Measures Act after the kidnapping of British diplomat James Cross and Quebec labour minister Pierre Laporte—is criticized by some historians as an unnecessary abuse of human rights.

Trudeau, however, was no stranger to debate—or contradiction. Born to a millionaire family whose fortune was made from a chain of service stations, he was a notorious penny-pincher in private life who favoured left-leaning, big-spending policies in government. In 1963, he campaigned on behalf of the NDP, and called the Liberals "idiots" for allowing Lester Pearson to permit nuclear warheads in Canada. But two years later, he ran for the Liberals under Pearson, and within two months of his election, became Pearson's parliamentary secretary. And despite his professed disdain for the parish-pump side of elected politics, he eventually became a frequent and adept practitioner of patronage: his departing 1984 round of appointments to old supporters and cabinet colleagues stoked one of the controversies that helped sink successor John Turner.

Much of Trudeau's early appeal as prime minister came from his dashing, flamboyant style. During his 20s, as author Gordon Donaldson recounted in his 1994 book, *The Prime Ministers of Canada*, Trudeau "drifted through occupied Germany on faked papers, was slung in jail for trying to enter Yugoslavia without a visa" and, in Palestine, "was arrested as a Zionist spy and thrown into a dungeon where Christ is supposed to have been held. After emerging, he was accosted by bandits, whom he scared off by feigning madness and raving in Montreal slang." As a politician, he had no less flair. He sported a green leather jacket, on occasion showed up in the House of Commons wearing sandals, and drove a funky Mercedes 300-SL sports convertible.

Sometimes, he walked to his office on Parliament Hill from 24 Sussex Drive. Accosted one day outside Parliament by a 17-year-old girl who asked for a kiss, he responded "why not, it's spring"—and bussed her. Although he affected disdain for the media, it never seemed a coincidence that his most colourful acts—such as performing a pirouette at Buckingham Palace—occurred with many cameras close by. And he was often keen to chat or lunch or dine with women reporters—even when he wasn't necessarily trying to date them. Those sessions sometimes evolved into policy discussions. When one young reporter told him how she had just visited a Cape Breton smelter and found that conditions there made it "the worst place on earth," Trudeau, fascinated, launched a long series of questions as to whether that amounted to a good argument for nuclear power.





With Ronald Reagan in Ottawa, 1981, and Deng Xiaoping in Beijing, 1983: 'a priceless asset to the industrialized world'



Playing host to Margaret Thatcher, 1983: an elusive inner self

But his often flip behaviour masked a character of much greater complexity—although he kept his deeper inner thoughts largely to himself. Even acquaintances who had known him for decades said they found him hard to read emotionally. When Trudeau's old friend Gérard Pelletier died in 1997, Donald Macdonald, a former cabinet colleague of both men, said Pelletier was "the last of a small circle of lifelong friends." A former aide to Trudeau in the Prime Minister's Office, who saw him on a daily basis for more than two years, remarked years later that "I'm not sure Mr. Trudeau ever knew my full name."

On the other hand, Trudeau was at his most open with children. In the early 1980s, a senior civil servant working in the Privy Council Office happened to mention to Trudeau that his nine-year-old daughter was a great fan of the Canadian a cappella group the Nylons—who were scheduled to perform on Parliament Hill for Dominion (now Canada) Day festivities that year. On July 1, as the group was coming on-stage, Trudeau, from his front-row seat, gestured to the girl to join him at his seat. He bounced her on his knees in time with the music, and at the end, leaped up to dance with her.

Trudeau was capable of forming unlikely enthusiasms for political opponents. Despite their many differences, he was hugely fond of former Tory prime minister John Diefenbaker, and once declared: "I just love that old guy." When the former prime minister fell ill just before Trudeau's departure for a European trip, Trudeau and then-aide Joyce Fairbairn devised a secret code—Daffodil—so he could receive updates on Diefenbaker's health. "I would message what the weather was—and whether the daffodils were blooming," Fairbairn recalled several years ago.

Trudeau's emotions ran deepest over the issue of his native Quebec. His contempt for the nationalist movement was open and undisguised—although it did not necessarily extend to some of its pro-sovereigntist prac-

HIS FLIP BEHAVIOUR MASKED a character of great complexity, and he succeeded in keeping his innermost thoughts largely to himself





With entertainers Streisand, and Louise Marleau (right): a dashing figure who always loved female company

'One day, he said that for a small people, the French-Canadians, there is nothing else than socialism. And he said it in his Jaguar!'

—Michel Chartrand, an elementary school classmate of Trudeau's who became a labour activist and separatist

titioners Many members of the first PQ government in 1976 were people Trudeau had worked alongside in early years, when progressive Quebecers were united against the authoritarian government of Maurice Duplessis Once, in the late 1970s, Trudeau gave a news conference in Quebec City When it was over, reporters were startled to see several PQ cabinet members, led by language hardliner Camille Laurin, rush up to greet Trudeau, who greeted them equally warmly And while Trudeau fought the Yes side with sometimes scathing mockery during the 1980 referendum, his remarks immediately after the vote were respectful "To my fellow Quebecers who have been wounded by defeat," he said, "I wish to say simply that we have all lost a little in this referendum."

Trudeau was unapologetic about his preoccupation with Quebec In 1973, he told CTV's *W-Five* that his reasons for getting into politics were twofold: "One, to make sure that Quebec wouldn't leave Canada through separatism, and the other, to make sure that Canada wouldn't shove Quebec out through narrow-mindedness." That assertion makes it all the more ironic that, in recent years, Trudeau continued to rise in the esteem of English Canada, while in Quebec—where his Liberals won 74 of 75 seats in his last election—his popularity plummeted The primary reason was his visceral opposition to the Meech accord, as well as the failed 1992 Charlottetown accord. On both occasions, he argued that any agreement that gave Quebec extra powers over other provinces was "insulting" because it implied Quebecers needed extra protection to thrive.

That argument was bitterly resented by both sovereigntists and many Quebec federalists, Trudeau was alternately described within the province as being out-



Leaving a cabinet meeting in a Mercedes: a flair to last a lifetime



Preparing to fly in a CF-18 jet, 1982: even 16 years after he left public life, Trudeau remained a strong force among rank-and-file Liberals

of-date or anti-Quebec Michel C. Auger, political columnist for Quebec's largest newspaper, *Le Journal de Montréal*, observed several years ago that "for both federalists and sovereigntists, Trudeau has fallen off the radar screen. His ideas are seen as outdated." Still, the former prime minister continued to be treated with respect personally by both friends and opponents On an international level, said Alain Gagnon, director of McGill University's Quebec studies program, "francophone Quebecers were always very proud of having Mr Trudeau as a statesman." But, Gagnon said, Trudeau's death caused less emotion among francophone Quebecers because many felt he was antagonistic towards them

Even within the federal Liberal party, feelings about Trudeau's legacy and policies are sometimes divided Trudeau's opposition to Meech, something he shared with Jean Chrétien, split the party sharply in 1990 because then-Leader Turner and others, including current Finance Minister Paul Martin, supported the accord Those rifts are still evident—most clearly, some Liberals say, in the coolness that persists between Chrétien and Martin But Chrétien's own relationship with his former boss has often been complicated Although he has always made a point of publicly praising Trudeau, Chrétien has many times, with mixed anger and sorrow, told the story of how, when he was finance minister in 1978, Trudeau blindsided him by announcing a $2-billion budget cut without telling him in advance

And Chrétien has also struggled to get out from under Trudeau's giant shadow. When the Liberals came to power in 1993, Chrétien would call Trudeau about once a month After a while, the gap between those calls

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A Scholar and a Fool

The first known published description of Pierre Elliott Trudeau appears in the 1938 yearbook of Collège Jean-de-Brébeuf, the highbrow private Jesuit school in Montreal. Trudeau, the yearbook noted, is "the perfect balance between the scholar and the fool." At 19, Trudeau was brilliant, sensitive, first in his class But he was only serious about one thing, the yearbook added, "and that's the mentality of the fool and the prankster."

Trudeau's pranks were the stuff of legend. One of his closest friends, Quebec journalist Jacques Hébert, recalls one classic Trudeau moment in China, in 1960 Trudeau was walking through a hotel, with an economist on one side of him and an interpreter on the other. "All of a sudden, he made a perfect somersault, and continued talking as if nothing had happened," Hébert said

There was a reason why a man as private and solitary as Trudeau would do somersaults to draw attention to himself. "He was always somewhat shy," Hébert recalls, "but at the same time, he was fighting it. That's why he would show off It was his way of trying to fight that natural shyness."

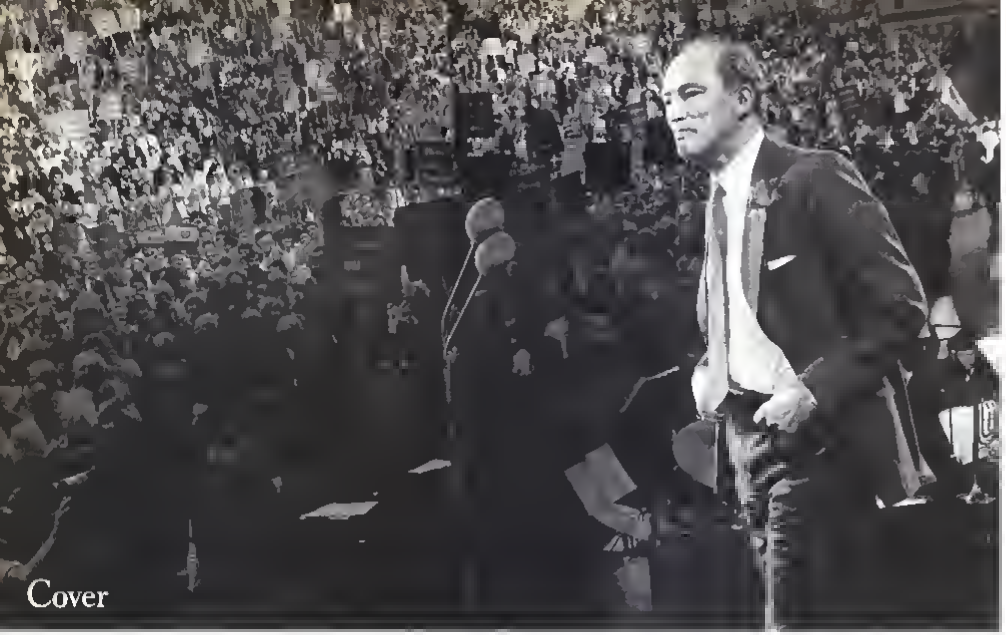
Trudeau often surprised his friends. While studying at Harvard University, he scolded Pierre Vadeboncoeur, one of his oldest friends, for using a stamp that cost two cents more than necessary. But then, belying his later cheapskate image, he helped Vadeboncoeur buy a house by assuming the second mortgage Trudeau had the money: his father Charles, who died when Trudeau was 15, was an extroverted French-speaking millionaire.

He wasn't a political animal at first, at university in Montreal, he wrote about the pleasures of motorcycle riding, while the Second World War was raging After university (Harvard, Ecole des sciences politiques in Paris, London School of Economics), Trudeau's money enabled him to enjoy what appeared to be a life of leisure, with a chic sports car and beautiful women Yet even then, he wrote reports for unions fighting the oppressive regime of Quebec premier Maurice Duplessis.

For those who knew him, the biggest surprise came when Trudeau jumped into politics at age 46 and then sought the Liberal leadership less than three years later, in 1968 "I tried to discourage him," remembers Brébeuf classmate, Jean de Grandpré, the retired chairman of Bell Canada Enterprises. "He was ambitious, but a very private person who didn't like backroom negotiations, dirty politics, smoke-filled rooms. I said, 'you will not be very comfortable in this environment.'"

Trudeau ignored him. He knew he'd lose his freedom as prime minister But he maintained his privacy. And Trudeau never lost his penchant for pranks, the type that keep outsiders at a distance

Sarah Scott



Cover

IN THE END, IT WAS NEVER CLEAR how many of his personas were convenient creations and how many reflected the real man

lengthened—and Trudeau, in the wake of the 1995 referendum, publicly complained at a news conference that he "sat on my hands" during the campaign because no one asked him to get involved.

But Trudeau has remained a strong force among rank-and-file Liberals. His name continues to evoke potent memories and images. They are many: the fearless Trudeau who sat unblinking while protesters threw stones during the 1968 St-Jean-Baptiste Day rally in Montreal, the romantic swashbuckler who dated Barbra Streisand, Margot Kidder and Liona Boyd and married Margaret, Trudeau the philosopher, the gunslinger and the devoted father. And, finally, the smooth and sophisticated leader who seemed at home on any stage around the world—so much so that former U.S. vice-president Walter Mondale once called him "a priceless asset to the industrialized world."

In the end, it was never clear how many of those images were convenient creations he fashioned for himself, and how many reflected his real inner self. For all his time in public life, he was clearly happiest in private, testing his limits in treks and canoe trips either by himself, with his sons or a few friends. He gave a rare look into his thoughts on life in a 1944 essay called "Exhaustion and Fulfilment: The Ascetic in a Canoe." At the age of 25, with the self-assurance of youth, he solemnly and rather ponderously outlined the joys to be had from a canoe trip that lasts "for days, or weeks, or perhaps months on end."

The attraction, he said, is that "you return not so much a man who reasons more, but a more reasonable man. For, throughout this time, your mind has learned to exercise itself in the working conditions that nature intended." There was something else, he concluded, about the outdoors. "I know a man whose school could never teach him patriotism," Trudeau wrote, "but who acquired that virtue when he felt in his bones the vastness of his land, and the greatness of those who founded it." Reason was Trudeau's watchword, along with passion for his country. Canadians will long remember—and revere—him for both.



In 1968, farewell to the party on June 14, 1984 (above): sophistication

A Very Private Politician

Pierre Trudeau was a public showman whose happiest times were spent with his family

By Julian Beltrame

The images are burned into the Canadian imagination. The naughty Pierre Trudeau pirouetting behind the back of the Queen at Buckingham Palace, the gunslinger, the playboy dancing with a fetching beauty half his age, the athletic Trudeau jackknifing into a pool. Despite his age—he was in his late 40s when he burst onto the public stage by winning the Liberal leadership in 1968—there seemed to be a glow about him, as if pure energy was oozing from his pores. Yet years later, Trudeau would describe solitary nights spent with his three young sons as the source of true contentment. "Every Saturday night, I would get away from my commitments and read to them," he told York University professor B. W. Powe for an essay contained in the 1998 book *Trudeau's Shadow*. "It was one of the happiest periods of my life."

Pierre Elliott Trudeau was a contradiction: a man who guarded his privacy jealously while choosing the most public of vocations, a reclusive figure who revelled in acting the showman. But above all, his long-time friend Senator Serge Joyal told *Maclean's*, he was a family man who doted on his children, Justin, Sacha and the ill-fated Michel, who was swept to his death by an avalanche in British Columbia's Kokanee Glacier Provincial Park two years ago at the age of 23. "He told me immediately after leaving government in 1984 that the most important thing in his life now was his children and overseeing their education," recalls Joyal. Trudeau leaped to the task as single-mindedly as he took to politics, often eschewing social and political engagements so that he could spend time with his sons at the family's country home in the Laurentians, or taking them on experience-broadening trips to France, England, China and Siberia.

Trudeau's devotion may have been partly an attempt to catch up after the years when he was too occupied with the affairs of state. He was 51 in 1971 and still in his first mandate as prime minister when he married Margaret Sinclair, a naive Vancouver flower child 29 years his junior. The children came in quick succession, and although he often took one or two on foreign trips with him, he lamented in his 1993 *Memoirs* that the hectic life of a politician necessitated leaving the kids behind with the young Margaret.

She would later describe the period in terms of claustrophobic tor-



With Margaret after the 1974 election. to her, he was 'the love of my life'

'The things I will do after I retire? Many books I still want to read. Perhaps learn to play the piano better. See the few remaining countries that I've never visited. See my children grow up and begin to fulfil themselves. Those are the things that are still ahead.'

—Trudeau, interview with the BBC's David Frost, February 1982



PNG

Trudeau in 1980 with Michel (on lap), Justin (left) and Sacha, dancing in 1973 (below), Margaret at the Studio 54 disco in New York on the night of Trudeau's May, 1979, election loss to Joe Clark (bottom); reading to his sons was 'one of the happiest periods of my life'



Wide World/CP Archive



With Margaret, Sacha and Justin (right) at a memorial service for Michel in 1998; his decline accelerated

'I WAS A NEOPHYTE at both politics and family life. Perhaps it was a little too much and, regrettably, I didn't succeed all that well.'

ment. She felt abandoned, a prisoner in the gilded cage of 24 Sussex Drive. The fairy-tale marriage began unravelling and the couple separated in 1977. They finally divorced in 1984, three months before Trudeau stepped down as prime minister. He demanded and obtained sole custody of the children.

As Trudeau adapted to the role of single dad, never publicly speaking of his turbulent breakup, Margaret broke free in spectacular fashion. Even before their split, her escapades famously included drug use and partying with The Rolling Stones. Later, her dalliances included Jack Nicholson, Geraldo Rivera and parties at New York City's celebrated Studio 54 that made headlines around the world and became fodder for the two tell-all books she penned, 1979's *Beyond Reason* and *Consequences* in 1982. If Trudeau minded—and who wouldn't—or worried about the effect their mother's extravagant behaviour had on the sons, he never said so. In fact, Trudeau partly blamed himself, writing in *Memoirs* that he was ill-prepared for the many demands of his public and private life. "I was a neophyte at both politics and family life," Trudeau wrote. "I married late in life and I was learning about marriage and parenthood at the same time as I was learning about the workings of politics. So perhaps it was a little too much for me and, regrettably, I didn't succeed all that well."



He was determined to make amends to his children—and spend more time with them. It was something he missed with his own father, who died when Trudeau was 15 and was relatively absent during his formative years. Instead, it was his mother, Grace Elliott, who was the constant presence, instilling in him a love of learning and books. Friends say Trudeau was able to pass on to his children his own twin passions for the outdoors and for intellectual pursuits.

Margaret, meanwhile, continued to visit the children regularly at Trudeau's Montreal home, even after she had married Ottawa businessman Fried Kemper and had two children with him. Recently, she still called Trudeau "the love of my life," in spite of the rupture in their relationship. And she was with him when his failing health took a turn for the worse.

Perhaps the strangest chapter of Trudeau's private life was the revelation that he had fathered the daughter of Deborah Coyne, a constitutional adviser to Newfoundland Premier Clyde Wells during the Meech Lake saga. While the relationship cooled after the birth of Sarah on May 5, 1991, Trudeau continued to visit his daughter in Toronto, where Coyne lived for a time in the 1990s. According to friends, he also made sure his sons came to regard her as a sister. Typically, Trudeau has never publicly talked about the unconventional relationship.

Trudeau's decline accelerated in 1997 with the death of his old friend Gérard Pelletier. Along with Trudeau, he was one of Quebec's "Three Wise Men" who came to Ottawa in the 1960s (the third, Jean Marchand, died in 1988). Seventeen months later, Michel died tragically. The first loss devastated Trudeau, the second appeared to crush him. He soon fell ill with pneumonia, with which he was hospitalized for 10 days last January. "He's never really recovered," Joyal said.

At the funeral of Pelletier, Trudeau, a devout Roman Catholic, read a passage from Corinthians, adding his personal postscript. "Part of my soul has left me—and he's waiting for me." The sentiment must have been doubly true with the loss of Michel—for a man who, throughout his life, hid his private pains as adamantly as he showcased his public flamboyance. m

'I became accustomed very young to rowing against the current, attacking authority and not giving a damn for public opinion'

—Trudeau, 1979 interview

Whatever role he played, Trudeau was always the remote and rakish sex symbol who made women swoon



The Star of His Own Movie

By Jane O'Hara

There was Barbra Streisand and Jane Fonda. Liona Boyd and Maggie. Pierre Trudeau also dated actors Margot Kidder and Kim Cattrall, now one of the stars of HBO's sizzling series *Sex and the City*. Some were lovers, some just friends. But their combined numbers and beauty made one thing clear: Trudeau was more than Canada's Prime Minister—he was also our leading man.

Following a generation of dutiful but dour postwar politicians like Lester Pearson, John Diefenbaker and Bob Stanfield, Trudeau arrived like a comet, entering the Canadian atmosphere adorned in black cape and fancy fedoras. Whether playing the role of urban dandy or buckskinned outdoorsman, he was always the star of his own movie, always the remote and rakish sex symbol who made women swoon. And what a range of characters he played. He moved from eligible bachelor to married man, doting dad and cuckolded husband without ever losing his appeal. "There was a 1940s movie star quality about Trudeau," says Linda Griffiths, the Toronto actor and co-creator of the one-woman stage play *Maggie and Pierre*. "He had that old-fashioned courtly, gentlemanly thing, where somebody was always on his arm."



With Boyd in 1983; and Kidder in 1989 (top): arm candy for photo opportunities?

But he also had a modern magnetism that the mass media both fed on and magnified. In June, 1968, during his first election campaign as leader of the Liberal party, the country was swept up in Trudeaumania. As if at a Beatles concert, young and not-so-young girls screamed and demanded kisses when the unpredictable 48-year-old politician whistle-stopped into their towns. Trudeau gloried in the adulation. But, according to Christina McCall, it also changed him.

In her book *Grits*, McCall says Trudeau was not always the dashing lothario. Before coming to power, he was socially shy and diffident. As an MP (he was first elected to Parliament in 1965), he would slip in and out of official gatherings without anyone noticing but his closest friends. His relationships with women—who were often half his age—were usually brief. But after 1968, McCall says, Trudeau's "sweet reticence had vanished and was replaced by a display of overweening pride." Now, when he entered a room, "women swarmed to him, mouths moist, eyes translucent."

One of them was Margaret Sinclair, a naive Vancouver flower child who first met Trudeau on a beach in Tahiti before he became prime minister. In 1971, after a clandestine courtship, they were married in a ceremony kept secret from the public. He was 51, she was 22. Together, they had three sons: Justin, Sacha and Michel (who was killed in 1998 at age 23 in an avalanche in British Columbia). By 1977, the marriage had collapsed when Margaret sought her freedom from what she described as the "unbearable" confines of her life with Trudeau at 24 Sussex Drive.

Margaret was the only woman who ever lived with Trudeau. The rest of his celebrity dates seemed at times intended to be little more than glamorous appendages for photo ops, arm candy for this otherwise solitary man. What did these women really mean to Trudeau? We may never know. In his book *Memoirs*, Trudeau summed up the breakup of his marriage to Margaret briefly and tersely, concluding: "Anyone who has gone through the breakdown of a marriage—perhaps without three small children, and perhaps not in the glare of the public spotlight—will understand why I choose to write no more about the matter." He has said nothing about other relationships. Perhaps for the impermeable Trudeau, silence was the best refuge. m

He Inspired an Entire Generation

By Geoffrey Stevens

When the history of our times is written, Pierre Trudeau will be acknowledged as the greatest public figure that Canada produced in the second half of the 20th century. This will not be in recognition of his accomplishments at home, which were considerable, or of his achievements on the international stage, which weren't. It will be because he did what no politician before or since has done: he touched the dreams of an entire generation of Canadians. He made them excited about politics and public affairs. He caused them to believe they could actually change the country and even the world. He inspired them to get personally involved. And many of the idealists who were inspired by Trudeau are still involved—in Parliament and provincial legislatures, the senior levels of the public service, the judiciary, the professions, broadcasting and the arts. He changed their lives. He set them off along paths they might not otherwise have taken. He made them, and the country, better.

Trudeau was lucky, of course. Timing is everything in politics, and he caught the wave perfectly. He appeared on the scene just as the nation, emerging from the high of Expo 67 and the Centennial, was looking for ways to extend the excitement. It was a time of national confidence, when anything seemed possible. The year he won the Liberal leadership, 1968, was a year of turmoil in many parts of the world as students took to the streets in protest over, chiefly, the war in Vietnam. A similar ferment pervaded Canada but instead of resisting it, Trudeau tapped into it, distilled it, channelled the desire for change and reform into the established political process—and, instead of bloody clashes on the barricades, we had Trudeaumania.

His detractors maintained Trudeau was a creation of the mass media. If that were so, he would have crashed and burned within a year. He soared because he was what the country was ready for at that time—a leader who did not look or sound like a politician and who seemed not to care about personal popularity, a reformer who believed government could be changed, improved and made to serve the people better. He was also smart, very smart, not to mention articulate (in both official languages), athletic, dashing, glamorous, sexy and strong. We all wished we could be just like him.

Journalists and others who travelled with him over the years—as I did to places like India, Malaysia, Singapore, Russia, Cuba and Venezuela—could not help but feel a small thrill of national pride at the interest and curiosity he provoked among the politicians and press in the countries we visited. For perhaps the first time ever, they were genuinely interested in a Canadian leader. He was a star and, because he was, Canada was something of a star, too.



In 1971, in Benares, India: a star on the world stage

It didn't last long. Trudeau's weaknesses were managing the domestic economy and foreign policy. True, he recognized Red China (as it was known then), but does anyone remember his "Third Option" and his much-vaunted "contractual link" with Europe? Stripped to its essentials, his foreign policy amounted to little more than a futile attempt to distance Canada from the United States, whether by cozying up to its enemies, like Fidel Castro, or by negotiating closer ties with Europeans or others.

At home, his achievements were real: the decriminalization of homosexual acts between consenting adults, divorce and abortion reform, the Official Languages Act, patriation of the Constitution, and entrenchment of the Charter of Rights and Freedoms. These and other initiatives are Trudeau's legacy to the nation. But what makes him much more than just another prime minister with a superior legislative record who won a few elections and ultimately overstayed his welcome is the transforming effect he had on the generation of Canadians who propelled him into office. Singlehandedly, he increased the public's expectations of political leadership, in the process raising the bar for those who would come after him.

Can you imagine young people today defying their parents to attend a Stockwell Day rally? Pushing and shoving to touch the garments of Joe Clark? Swooning at the sight of Paul Martin? Or girls (and their moms) clawing their way through police lines to plant a big kiss on the lips of Jean Chrétien?

Yes, bring on the historians. m

The Fight of a Lifetime

The Constitution started with Quebec and ended with Canada

'I am trying to put Quebec in its place—and the place of Quebec is in Canada'

—Trudeau in Montreal on June 24, 1968, the day before winning his first majority

'The Canadian whole is more than the sum of its provinces'

—Trudeau to a Senate Commons committee studying the Meech Lake accord, Aug. 27, 1987

'In Quebec, people are moved too often by passion and too little by intelligence'

—Trudeau, in the late 1950s

By Robert Sheppard

It was the fight of his life, the upshot of what one biographer would later call Pierre Trudeau's "magnificent obsession." But to achieve what he did in the spring of 1982—patriation of the Constitution from Britain after 51 years of fruitless attempts, *and* with a wide-ranging Charter of Rights and Freedoms that entrenched his cherished goal of linguistic guarantees for French- and English-Canadians—required something more than obsession. It took political ruthlessness, a willingness to turn the country almost on its ear.

Was this all about Quebec? Well, yes—and no. It started that way, of course. Trudeau was, after all, a product of the political and intellectual ferment there in the late 1950s and early 1960s, an upheaval that divided Quebec's best and brightest into bitterly opposed camps. Although he was an eager participant in some of the early causes, such as the wrenching strikes of asbestos and Radio-Canada workers, Trudeau would have no truck with the nationalists of Quebec. He saw Quebec nationalism, as he did Maurice Duplessis's repressive postwar regime, as backward and valuing the state above the individual. For Trudeau—"Citizen of the world," said the badge he tacked to his door at Harvard in 1945—this was definitely not the road to be travelled. What he wanted was a Canada and a Quebec constructed more in his own image: bilingual and bicultural, and above all else, with the freedom to choose. For Trudeau, language was a right, like free speech and individual choice—one of the "counterweights," as he called them in his early essays, to the power of the state.

Achieving these objectives would not be easy. And for Trudeau, his combative personality would set the tone. He was, after all, the tookie justice minister in Lester Pearson's government who made his mark by knocking heads publicly with Quebec premier Daniel Johnson in early 1968 at a federal-provincial conference. He was the fledgling Liberal leader who won the country's respect later that year by sitting, unflinching, in the review stand of Montreal's St-Jean-Baptiste Day parade while bottles thrown by separatist supporters shattered around him. He was the prime minister who invoked the War Measures Act in 1970 and refused to negotiate with terrorists—the strongman who kept his head while others panicked.

By the time of the first Quebec referendum on sovereignty in May, 1980, the Trudeau legend—French Power in Ottawa, standing up to nationalists in Quebec—was complete. For the first time, the country had a French-Canadian prime minister who was enormously popular in his home province (the federal Liberals had just won 74 of 75 seats in the 1980 election and would go on to win the referendum campaign three months later by 60 per cent to 40 per cent) and willing to take on a Quebec government in a high-stakes game of political poker. Five prime ministers before him had tried and failed to budge the stone sled of constitutional reform. Trudeau himself had spent the best part of 12 years trying to cajole agreement from the provinces. And now he was facing growing demands for more powers from the West, where burgeoning oil revenues were also fuelling provincial ambitions.

Trudeau's home province had consistently refused to accept patriation, let alone linguistic guarantees that might affect education (a provincial jurisdiction) until its demands for greater autonomy were met. And language was proving to be a flash point. Language riots in the suburbs of Montreal contributed hugely to Bourassa's defeat by René Lévesque in 1976, and led directly to the Parti Québécois' Bill 101, the Charter of the French Language and the antithesis of everything Trudeau held sacred. And in Lévesque, Trudeau would confront a leader who was not only a fierce adversary but one who represented the nationalist flip side of the Québécois coin.

The two men could not have been more different. Judging by his electoral success in the province, Trudeau was widely admired. He was the man who could dance on the broader Canadian and world stages and allow Quebecers to bask in his cosmopolitan glory. But Lévesque was the one they loved. A rumpled, rubber ball of a man, a former war correspondent who came to host one of the most popular TV shows in the province, Lévesque was just as engaging as Trudeau. But he also seemed to embody all of the sometimes frustrating, sometimes endearing insecurities of a people struggling to find their place in the sea of Anglo North America.

The two men had been butting heads since the early 1960s, when Lévesque was a popular, reform-minded minister in Jean Lesage's Liberal government and Trudeau a sardonic law professor and a member of Lévesque's informal circle of advisers. Lévesque was one of only a handful of prominent Quebecers who opposed Trudeau's implementation of the War Measures Act. He paid a price for it at the polls three years later when his upstart PQ was nearly wiped out by Bourassa's Liberals. But by 1979, when Joe Clark's Tories surprised the federal Liberals and won a minority government, Lévesque thought he would have the last laugh. With Trudeau sidelined, Lévesque called his long-awaited referendum on sovereignty-association for the spring of 1980. But Clark's government self-destructed after only nine months in power, allowing Trudeau's Liberals to come roaring back with the enthusiasm of the born-again.

In typical Trudeau fashion, he took the referendum battle right to the enemy's heartland, the Paul Sauvé Arena in east-end Montreal, where Lévesque had celebrated his 1976 election victory, and pledged to change the constitutional order to accommodate Quebec. "Even I was impressed at the time," allowed the PQ's veteran strategist Claude Morin. But this was to be more than a strict Quebec-Ottawa round. The rejuvenated Liberal government took on the West and the growing autonomy of premiers like Alberta's Peter Lougheed by creating the despised National Energy Program. It cut back on transfer payments to the provinces—to howls of protest. Trudeau also hinted that, in the area of constitutional reform, Ottawa might go it alone. And after a desultory meeting of first ministers in September, 1980, he made good on his threat to try to patriate the Constitution unilaterally with a charter of rights—including the minority language rights that were certain to antagonize the West.

Two decades later, it is difficult to recall the intensity of that period. But for nearly 18 long months, from the emotion-ridden sovereignty referendum to the patriation agreement in November, 1981—with an angry Quebec on the sidelines—the battle raged with a fierceness that only the fight over conscription in 1942 and, later, free trade in 1988, would match. Court challenges were mounted. Only two provinces, Ontario and New Brunswick, backed Ottawa's initiative. The charter of rights was created by a special parliamentary committee—the first to have its hearings televised—in an extraordinary conclave of one-upmanship and partisan bickering. By the time the Supreme Court of Canada ruled on the legality of the unilateral initiative—it was legal, the court found, but broke with convention, a serious rebuke to Trudeau—the country was exhausted. Only Trudeau seemed calm as he convened what he called "the one last time" constitutional conference for Nov. 2, 1981. It almost lived up to its billing.

For three days, the two sides offered up only half-hearted



Trudeau with the Queen at the Parliament Hill patriation ceremony in April, 1982: five prime ministers before him had failed to budge the stone sled of constitutional reform



With Lévesque in 1980, a late-night agreement would sideline Quebec

compromises. The dissident premiers in the so-called Gang of Eight provinces showed some cracks—Saskatchewan's Allan Blakeney, especially, tried to hold out an olive branch to Trudeau. But the coalition seemed to be holding. In fact, on the evening of Wednesday, Nov. 4, after the third day of steadily deteriorating talks, Lévesque sat in his Hull, Que., hotel room, sipping cognac with close colleagues, confident that he had beaten back all the federal initiatives.

Little did Lévesque know that across the river in Ottawa's Château Laurier Hotel the three most westerly provinces and Newfoundland were cobbling together one final offer. Not did he realize that, earlier in the day, his flirtation with Trudeau's suggestion of a referendum to decide the fate of the charter had driven a wedge through the dissident coalition. The premiers were fighting arrogance and abuse of process—but did not want to take on the popular charter of rights. The next morning, Lévesque came face-to-face with the sweaty opportunism of Canadian politics—and with the slightly messy reality that was to become Pierre Trudeau's Canada. "We have a new proposal, René," Newfoundland's Brian Peckford announced laconically at the regular breakfast meeting of the Gang of Eight. "It's there by your plate."

It is tempting to say that the formal arrangement reached later that day was a classic Canadian compromise. The dissident provinces, with the exception of Quebec, would accept Trudeau's charter of rights (with a few modifications). Trudeau, in turn, would incorporate their preferred amending formula. But that interpretation would not take into account Trudeau's exercise of an enormous amount of raw prime ministerial willpower. He outfoxed Lévesque by challenging him *mano a mano*, playing on their long-standing rivalry. He outmanoeuvred the West by daring its premiers to be the populists they claimed they were and accept the Charter of Rights and Freedoms, language guarantees and all, on the grounds that it reflected the desires of the people. And he left a legacy that is still being debated.

Quebec's anger at being left behind by its allies—"It's the Canadian way," Lévesque hissed that fateful morning, "to abandon Quebec at the moment of crisis"—has reverberated through the decades: Meech Lake, the Charlottetown accord, Lucien Bouchard's sovereignty referendum of 1995. The West's appetite for reform, and its resolve to never again be taken for granted, is unabated. Add to those the welter of new charter-inspired rights and challenges that Canadian courts are constantly grappling with. All of these are part of Trudeau's legacy. They may not have been the counterweights he once wrote about with such enthusiasm. But they have become the true counterweights in the Canada of today, competing passions that propel a society forward and keep it in check at the same time, passions that he fanned with so much style and perhaps even purpose. m

No time for 'weak-kneed people'

Just after 8 o'clock on Monday, Oct. 5, 1970, a brilliant fall morning in Montreal, four members of the so-called Liberation Cell of the Front de libération du Québec abducted British trade commissioner James Cross from his home. In exchange for Cross's release, the men made seven demands, among them: $500,000 in gold bullion and the release of 23 "political prisoners"—fellow FLQ members in jail for terrorist acts. This was to be the first real test of Canada's new prime minister, Pierre Trudeau, at 50, just two years on the job, and, equally important, of his 37-year-old Quebec counterpart, Liberal Premier Robert Bourassa. The Quebec government wanted to appease the kidnappers by releasing at least some prisoners, but Trudeau convinced Bourassa to offer only safe passage out of the country. Within an hour of the announcement of that offer, on Saturday Oct. 10, provincial labour minister Pierre Laporte was kidnapped while playing touch football outside his home on Montreal's South Shore by members of another FLQ cell.

The kidnappings sparked the implementation of the federal War Measures Act, which sent the police and army into the streets of Montreal to arrest, interrogate and detain more than 400 separatist sympathizers. Two days after its proclamation, Laporte was dead, strangled with his own gold neck chain and stuffed into the trunk of an old car. His murder sparked revulsion against political terrorism in Quebec and across the country. Laporte's murderers were eventually found and convicted. Cross's abductors gave up in December, releasing him and going into exile in Cuba and later France; some of them eventually returned to Quebec. The October Crisis transformed Pierre Trudeau, cementing his reputation for all time as a tough leader who would not back down. "All I can say is, 'go on and bleed,' " he told a CBC reporter in a famous interview on Parliament Hill in the midst of the crisis. "But it is more important to keep law and order in society than to be worried about weak-kneed people."

R.S.

Dallying with the Economy

John Turner reveals why he resigned as Trudeau's finance minister

By Mary Janigan

In the spring of 1984, during his final wistful months as prime minister, Pierre Trudeau had to choose between two strikingly different policies that he could champion. He could continue his quixotic campaign for peace in a Cold War world during his final appearance at the annual meeting of the Western world's seven industrial powers, scheduled for June. Or he could urge his fellow leaders at the lavish London gathering to launch a global trading initiative to lower tariff and non-tariff barriers to secure Canada's future as a trading nation. As pre-summit briefings commenced, Trudeau listened carefully as deputy trade minister Sylvia Ostry warned that protectionism was rising dangerously in industrialized nations because Western manufacturers could not compete with the low prices of Third World imports. Ostry argued that Canada should find ways to counter that protectionist trend while helping its own hard-hit domestic sectors to adjust. The prime minister posed expert questions, nodding thoughtfully. Then, to the frustration of his civil servants and the consternation of his fellow leaders, he flew to the United Kingdom—and talked about disarmament.

It was always that way. It was not as if Trudeau did not understand economic theories. He did. It was not as though he did not care about the ever-deteriorating condition of the nation's finances. He did. But he lacked the patience to wade through the conflicting economic theories, develop a coherent plan—and stick with it.

Instead, he dallied with one approach after another, reversing his own positions with breathtaking ease. One of those abrupt switches—the controversial decision to impose wage-and-price controls in October, 1975—provoked the resignation of his respected finance minister, John Turner. Breaking his 25-year silence on Trudeau's most dramatic economic initiative, Turner told *Maclean's* that he vehemently objected to the imposition of controls—largely because the federal Liberals had romped to a majority government with the promise that they would *not* impose them. As well, Turner believed that the world was becoming too interconnected to invoke controls. Ottawa might be able to curb wages—but it could do little about the price of imports.

According to Turner, Trudeau was far more optimistic about the possibility that controls might succeed. Shortly after the Liberals' July, 1974, election victory, Trudeau began lobbying his finance minister to shift gears. Recalled Turner: "Trudeau said, 'We are going to put in wage-and-price controls.' I said, 'Not with me around. I campaigned against them.' The unions trusted me. Business trusted me. No. We told people that we wouldn't do it. And we were going to reverse that in three or four months after the election?"

Today, Turner is still rueful about the private discussion with Trudeau that provoked his September, 1975, resignation. "The real problem was the issue of wage-and-price controls," he told *Maclean's* on the understanding that the inter-



With energy minister Marc Lalonde and Alberta's Peter Lougheed, 1981: flirting with one approach after another

THE ECONOMY TOOK SECOND PLACE to national unity, which was dearer to his heart—'he just wasn't interested in economics'

'Zap, you're frozen'

—Trudeau, responding to Conservative leader Robert Stanfield's unsuccessful election campaign promise of wage-and-price controls, June 29, 1974

'We have to swallow strong medicine. We need to cool the fires of inflation.'

—Trudeau announcing wage-and price controls, Oct. 13, 1975

'Mr. Trudeau would stand up for Canada in terms of our control over our own destiny. I don't see that today.'

—Former Conservative Alberta premier Peter Lougheed June, 2000

view would not be published until after Trudeau's death. "I should have been more explicit when I resigned as to why I resigned. But because of my loyalty to Mr. Trudeau, I went quietly."

For Trudeau, the economy usually took second place to causes, such as national unity, that were dearer to his heart. Ostry's push for freer trade was doomed: those domestic sectors that could not compete against cheaper imports—textiles, footwear and clothing—were largely located in Quebec. Why, in the final months of more than 15 years in power, would Trudeau disrupt the Quebec economy and risk a resurgence of separatist strength? "He was highly intelligent and intellectual: he read all of his briefing documents, including the footnotes," reflected Ostry. "He just wasn't interested in economics. He listened to everything and understood it. But, in the end, he had one priority: national unity."



With Turner: the finance minister rejected wage-and-price controls

The nation paid a steep price for Trudeau's distracted approach to its long-term economic health. It took much of the 1990s to eliminate the breathtaking deficits that first appeared during his tenure. Federal cash transfers to the provinces were slashed—so programs in health, medical services and social assistance were pared to the bone. With public debt charges still consuming more than 25 cents out of every revenue dollar, Ottawa's spending power has been eroded. As a direct consequence, it has lost clout in provincial capitals. Ironically, the strong central government Trudeau fought so valiantly to maintain was undermined by his handling of the economy.

In 1968, when he swept triumphantly to power, the economy was vibrant—and the traditional economic remedies easily worked. Small shortfalls were the norm: 1968-1969 revenues were $12 billion and the deficit was $670 million. The economy was booming, generating the cash that Ottawa required to fund its ever-expanding social safety net. By 1984, the economic picture was far, far bleaker. The nation was painfully emerging from the worst downturn since the 1930s. Ottawa's annual shortfall was *more than half* the size of its revenues: in 1983-1984, the deficit was a staggering $33 billion on revenues of $64 billion. Inflation was relatively high, 5.3 per cent in January, 1984, and unemployment soaring at 11.2 per cent. The nation was reeling.



With Macdonald: Trudeau was desperate to find answers

It was not all Trudeau's fault. It was his ill luck that, during most of his tenure, the global economy was in upheaval. By the early 1970s, the first traces of globalization were apparent: the economies of individual nations were becoming so interwoven that governments could not insulate their citizenry from outside forces. In 1973 and 1979, world oil prices shot up, fuelling inflation and imposing crippling costs on oil-dependent industries and consumers.

Worse, as Trudeau eventually discovered, in this grave new world the old economic remedies didn't work. In the 1950s and 1960s, governments could spend freely when times were tough to curb unemployment—and pare spending when times were good to control inflation. By the mid-1970s, however, Canada was struggling with the new phenomenon of stagflation: high inflation *and* high unemployment. Economists and politicians groped for solutions. Turner recalled that Trudeau was so desperate for answers that he could be captivated by any persuasive theorist, including the Canadian-born Harvard University economist John Kenneth Galbraith. "Galbraith used to sneak into 24 Sussex," Turner said. "I would hear about it—and I would tell Galbraith, 'Look, don't feed him this crap.' Galbraith was pretty left of centre. We would hear these theories the next week." Turner paused, contemplating Trudeau's record. "The economy," he added sadly, "was not his main thing."

Eventually, the Paris-based Organization for Economic Co-operation and Development concluded that nations should tackle inflation *first*. Trudeau rejected that approach: he was unwilling to curb inflation by slashing spending as long as unemployment remained high. He did not want to risk further national distress, especially in Quebec. And he was reluctant to pay the price of unpopularity at the polls.

Instead, he kept looking for a made-in-Canada solution. From 1975 to 1984, in his bid to "wrestle inflation to the ground," he tried everything from wage-and-price controls to gimmicks such as the Six & Five campaign of 1982-1984, which created ceilings of six per cent and then five per cent for wage and price rises. Inflation ebbed, but it was only licked in the early 1990s—after industrialized nations, in a concerted attack, curbed their spending and raised interest rates. The price of that onslaught was a deep recession. "How can you be an inflation fighter and be in favour of social justice?" mused Trudeau's former principal secretary Tom Axworthy. "We tried a billion different ways to deal with inflation without necessarily putting millions of people out of work. In the end, there had to be a recession to get out of it. It's really too bad that there isn't another way."

Without firm economic leadership, the crises were endless. Trudeau would occasionally fix his enormous powers of concentration on a problem—and opt for a course. But he rarely followed through. In 1978, after a stern lecture from German chancellor Helmut Schmidt, Trudeau abruptly announced immediate spending cuts of $2 billion out of program spending of $43 billion. There was a flurry of paperwork. But program spending kept increasing—and the deficits kept accumulating.

Ironically, Trudeau had a frugal personality. "He would say, 'Where are you going to find the money for that?'" recalled former cabinet minister David Smith. "In many ways, he was very conservative." But that fiscal rectitude could never withstand other priorities. In 1972, anxious to shore up support for his minority government with the New Democratic Party, he increased spending by 50 per cent over two years: from $18.8 billion to $28.2 billion.

Worse, Trudeau never could accept the central fact of today's economic life: Canada is unable to isolate itself from world forces. He probably should not have tried to protect inefficient industries. He should have worked with global leaders to find a solution to inflation. "It's easy to say in retrospect," says Axworthy, "but it would have been

THE PM FACED A GRAVE NEW economic world of high inflation *and* high unemployment where the old remedies did not work

better to spend a lot more time using organizations such as the Group of Seven rather than looking for a domestic solution, which got less relevant with each succeeding year. We were on the wrong side of history."

In the end, it was the economy that wrestled Pierre Trudeau to the ground. But he bequeathed the solutions to his successors. In 1982, exasperated by problems within the economic union, he appointed a royal commission chaired by former Liberal finance minister Donald Macdonald. That influential report, released in 1985, called for free trade with the United States, greater reliance on market mechanisms—and rapid adjustment to global change.

So, almost inadvertently, Trudeau did begin the search for a better way. "In effect, when Trudeau appointed me, he launched a new way of thinking about the Canadian economy," Macdonald recalled years later. "True, that way was despite his instincts. But we had to get out into the world." Ironically, Pierre Trudeau's finest economic legacy was to begin the dismantlement of his own policies.

A Lifelong Love Affair

Trudeau felt passionately about Canada's wilderness, believing that 'ultimately, Mother Nature is in charge of everything'

By Joseph MacInnis

Joseph MacInnis, a medical doctor, writer and ocean explorer, was a friend of Pierre Trudeau's for more than 30 years. Together, they dived in waters around the world, including the Arctic, Pacific and Atlantic oceans. In December, 1969, they explored the deep off Belize. Here, MacInnis recalls that trip and how it demonstrated Trudeau's love of nature.

'I've always liked working on my own. I compete more with myself than against others.'

—Trudeau 1977 interview

"How deep do you think we might be able to go?" he asked. He was smiling, his magnetic blue eyes shining, his face still wet from the 100-foot scuba dive we had just completed. Behind him, the Caribbean Sea shimmered with heat and possibilities. I looked across the boat at the brawny RCMP officer assigned to guard him during this short vacation in Belize. "Let me think about it," I said. He asked me that question in December, 1969, more than 30 years ago, and I have been thinking about it ever since.

As a young boy growing up in Montreal, Pierre Trudeau began conditioning his body and his mind (for him the two were synchronous and indivisible) to explore the natural world. He knew that with his slight build and frail health he would have to discipline himself to become strong. At the age of about 6, he began a rigorous program of physical exercises. As school, he learned boxing and gymnastics. During summers at his parents' cottage on Lake Tremblant, he became a strong swimmer and avid canoeist. He loved hiking the steep trails around the lake and coming back to ski them in the winter. It was here, in the Laurentians, that forest, water and sky—the vastness of Canada—went into him and stayed with him forever.

He was the first prime minister to explore all three dimensions of the wild, wet part of Canada. He did this as a white-water surfer in British Columbia, a canoe-trippet on some of the great rivers running into the Arctic Ocean and as an accomplished scuba diver. He did these things not because he was bold, which he was, but because he was curious.

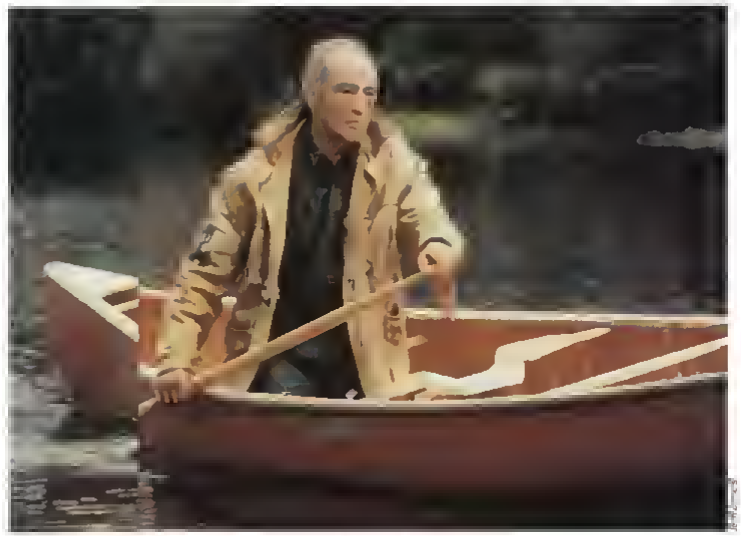
Whenever we dived together, and it was more than 50 times, he was always asking questions. How did the breathing air come out of the high-pressure cylinder without hurting the divers' lungs? Were white-tipped reef sharks more dangerous at night? After a 1975 dive under the broken pack ice on Resolute Bay in Canada's Northwest Passage, he wanted to know how long we would survive in the freezing water without our neoprene diving suits. "About 500 heartbeats," I said. He looked down at the mixture of ice and freezing water and said with a laugh, "Just about the length of a good political speech."

On the short vacations he took as prime minister, he would spend hours studying his government briefing books, dive or ski for a few hours, and then go back to the books. If you watched him closely, you sensed that he used his physical time—jogging, skiing, swimming—to balance the demands of his work.

A few hours later, after he had completed his afternoon session with his briefing books, I made a suggestion. "Let's go a little deeper each day, say 50 feet, and see how deep we get." He agreed and the next day we dove to 150 feet. He was an efficient swimmer, moving just the right muscles to propel himself downward with effortless grace. On the way back up, he stopped to look at a cluster of black coral attached to the vertical wall beside us. You could sense his mind wondering about how this part of the planet, so alien and so remote, fit in with everything else. After the dive, he startled all of us by shedding his scuba gear, taking a deep breath and diving down to 60 feet wearing only mask, fins and snorkel. At the time, he was 49 years old.

The canoe was perhaps his favourite way of moving through the natural world. In 1944, when he was 25, he wrote an essay entitled "Exhaustion and Fulfilment: The Ascetic in a Canoe." In it he said: "It is a condition of such a trip that you entrust yourself, stripped of worldly goods, to nature . . . to remove all the useless material baggage from a man's heritage is . . . to free his mind."

It was his fascination with the human in nature that one summer led him and a few trusted friends down the Coppermine River. "It was one of my favourite canoe trips," he told me earlier this year, "day after day of breathtaking vistas that included grizzly bears, caribou and the northward rush of the river." Trudeau added: "At one point, we had to stop our canoes and wait for a long time as a great herd of caribou flooded over the bank, crossed the river and climbed the opposite bank. It was another unforgettable reminder that ultimately Mother Nature is in charge of everything."



Trudeau the outdoorsman in 1992: the canoe was perhaps his favourite way of moving in the natural world

When Trudeau introduced his Arctic Waters Pollution Prevention Act 30 years ago, he did it with the passionate conviction of someone who had spent long days and nights under the northern lights, someone who had an explorer's awareness of the beauties, blessings and uncertainties of the natural world. In April, 1970, in support of this legislation, he said: "Canadian action is an assertion of the importance of the environment, of the sanctity of life on the planet, of the need for the recognition of the principle of clean seas. Without sunshine, without health, growth and wealth are meaningless. Every human being recognizes this, but perhaps it is for Canada—the land of space, of youth, of spring—to take the lead."

We swam down across a vast, undulating slope of sand and then over the edge of a cliff. I glanced at my depth gauge. We were at 180 feet. As we descended through 200 feet, a large, spotted Nassau grouper stared at us, turned slowly and glided under a rocky overhang into a small cave. There was no sound except the muted tinkle of exhaust air escaping from our breathing regulators. The intermittent appearance of bubbles coming from his regulator informed me that my diving partner was breathing slowly, conserving his air.

I stopped at 250 feet and he eased in beside me, our shoulders almost touching, his fins working the water to maintain an even depth. He looked around, savouring the wonder of being in a place he had never visited. We were surrounded by shades of blue and purple that merged with one another and then through one another until they were a continuum as old as the ocean.

Breathing air at this pressure causes nitrogen narcosis, a euphoric sensation sometimes called rapture of the deep. There was no time to waste. I unfolded a small Canadian flag, shook his hand and presented it to him. As far as I knew, he was the first head of government to swim this deep into the heart of the ocean. In less than a minute, we were on our way back towards the surface, following the silver trail of our exhaust bubbles up towards the sunlight.

One of the best things about diving is that after a while nothing exists of the world except your thoughts about the ocean and the person you are with. Since your lives to some degree depend on each other, your thoughts usually turn to who the person really is. Pierre Trudeau was someone whose deep blue eyes and inquiring mind had their own unique depths. In all the things he did, he was a self-contained, self-motivated man taking himself to the limit. This was a man who knew his own body so well that he could do back flips off a diving board or spin an elegant pirouette on the floor of Buckingham Palace. He was not fearless, but he had more grace under pressure than anyone I ever met. m

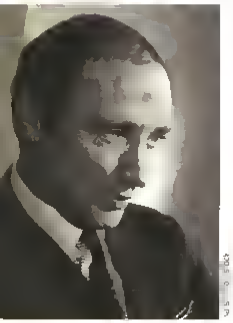
Peter C. Newman

The Makings of a Hero

During the last interview I had with Pierre Trudeau while he was prime minister, he abruptly interrupted his musings and stunned me into silence by proclaiming: "Politicians should be like the Trappists who go around in monasteries, and the only words they can say to each other are 'Brother, we must die one day.' I think this is true of politicians. The world is so full of a number of things, I'm sure we could all be as happy as kings."

It was vintage Trudeau, and it makes for an appropriate epitaph.

While lesser men like Jean Chrétien hang on to high office with no purpose except to perpetuate their power, Trudeau regarded his time as prime minister as a vaguely interesting interlude that allowed him to test and apply his theories, and have a little fun. It was entirely in character that after his fateful "walk in the snow" on Feb. 28, 1984, when he decided to quit, he mused: "I went out to see if there were any signs of my destiny in the sky, but there weren't—there was nothing but snowflakes."



Canadians first became conscious of the man's heroic qualities in the spring of 1968, at the Liberal party convention, where enchanted delegates surprised themselves by choosing him as their leader. The cynical political professionals who ran Canada's "governing party" then and now suddenly found themselves faced with the prospect of an outsider taking the game away from them. I remember watching them, clustered in small worried groups around the Ottawa Civic Centre, trying to size up the magic appeal of this exotic newcomer. Politics is a harsh trade that normally requires half a lifetime's apprenticeship. Yet Trudeau, an obscure Montreal law professor, had instantly mastered its vital elements. They ogled him, chomping their cigars in frustration, scratching their heads, trying to discover if he had some trick they might master.

They came away puzzled, telling each other tentatively that it must be his looks or maybe his age, his "radicalism," his money, or his reputation as an intellectual. Yet among his competitors, Robert Winters was more handsome, John Turner younger, Paul Hellyer richer, Eric Kierans more radical and Paul Martin had as many degrees. But nobody else could draw the crowds, get the laughs, fire the enthusiasm. They didn't realize that Trudeau had the makings of a hero, and that heroism can never be reduced to a formula. It just is. It's the recognition of someone who enters a room, and raises the temperature.

At the convention, Trudeau appeared remote, as always, while generating an undercurrent of the unexpected. Any political convention develops enough pressure to break the composure of even the strongest candidate. Yet Trudeau maintained his inner repose, and the more he held himself back, the more the crowds wanted a piece of him. I recall most vividly a middle-aged woman turning to her many-chinned farmer-husband just before Trudeau entered his delegate hospitality suite at the Château Laurier Hotel, and asking him: "What if I faint when he comes in?" The husband, one of those careful Canadians who wore both a belt and suspenders, gave her a look of total disgust. But when Trudeau sauntered by and shook his hand, the farmer's eyes turned moist. He stood there, speechless, momentarily stunned by he knew not what, and hugged his wife.

Through a thousand such encounters, Trudeau remained himself, a cool cat in a hot world, doing his grainy thing. That was what made him heroic: that no matter what he said or did, it was never possible to pin down the inner forces that sustained him. This was the ultimate mystery that made him the source of such fascination—the trick that the professionals at that long-ago leadership convention could never decipher.

He may have been a wizard, but once in office, Trudeau became more preoccupied with behaving like a philosopher king than playing the political game. In the 1972 election, only four years after becoming PM, he squeezed out a two-seat margin over the taciturn Bob Stanfield, and seven years later he was actually beaten by Joe Clark. The Tory leader promptly defeated himself—and Trudeau returned for a productive second period in office.

Inevitably, most Canadians were as eager to see Trudeau go, after more than 15 years in power, as they had once been to welcome him. In the interval, he had faced down the revolutionary Front de libération du Québec, breech-birthed a constitutional charter of rights, and generated unprecedented international attention for a country usually relegated to the very margins of meaningful geography. His candour, intellectual curiosity, nose-thumbing at the staid traditions of the country's highest political office qualified him as the country's first existential political hero: the man with the red rose in his buttonhole who finally rescued us from the age of Mackenzie King.

Now that Pierre Elliott Trudeau is gone, his stature will only expand. He taught us to be a little less grey, to play it a little less safe, to see life in its more enduring dimensions. In a television age when most star performers feel lucky to last more than a season, Trudeau's hold on the Canadian imagination will only be magnified by time and by comparison to his scrap-iron successors.

We will not be blessed with his like again.

'Just Watch Me'



1975
during a visit
to London

. . . and we did—in times of calm as well as crisis

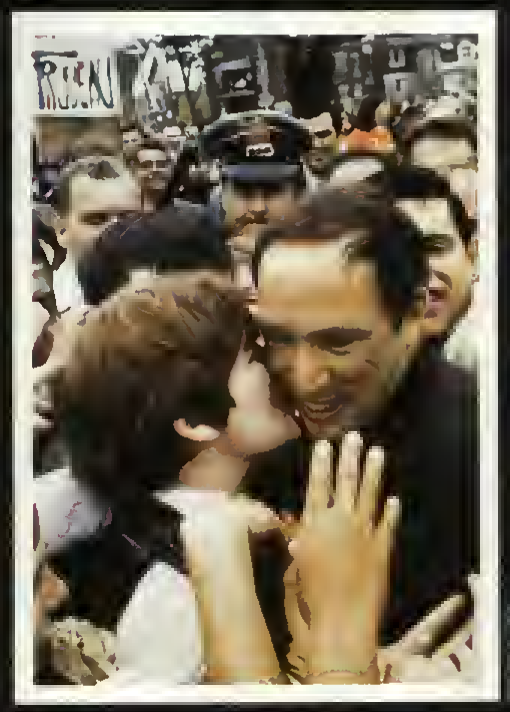
—Pierre Trudeau's love affair with the camera mesmerized Canadians from coast to coast



'My father taught me order and discipline, and my mother, freedom and fantasy'

—*July, 1968*

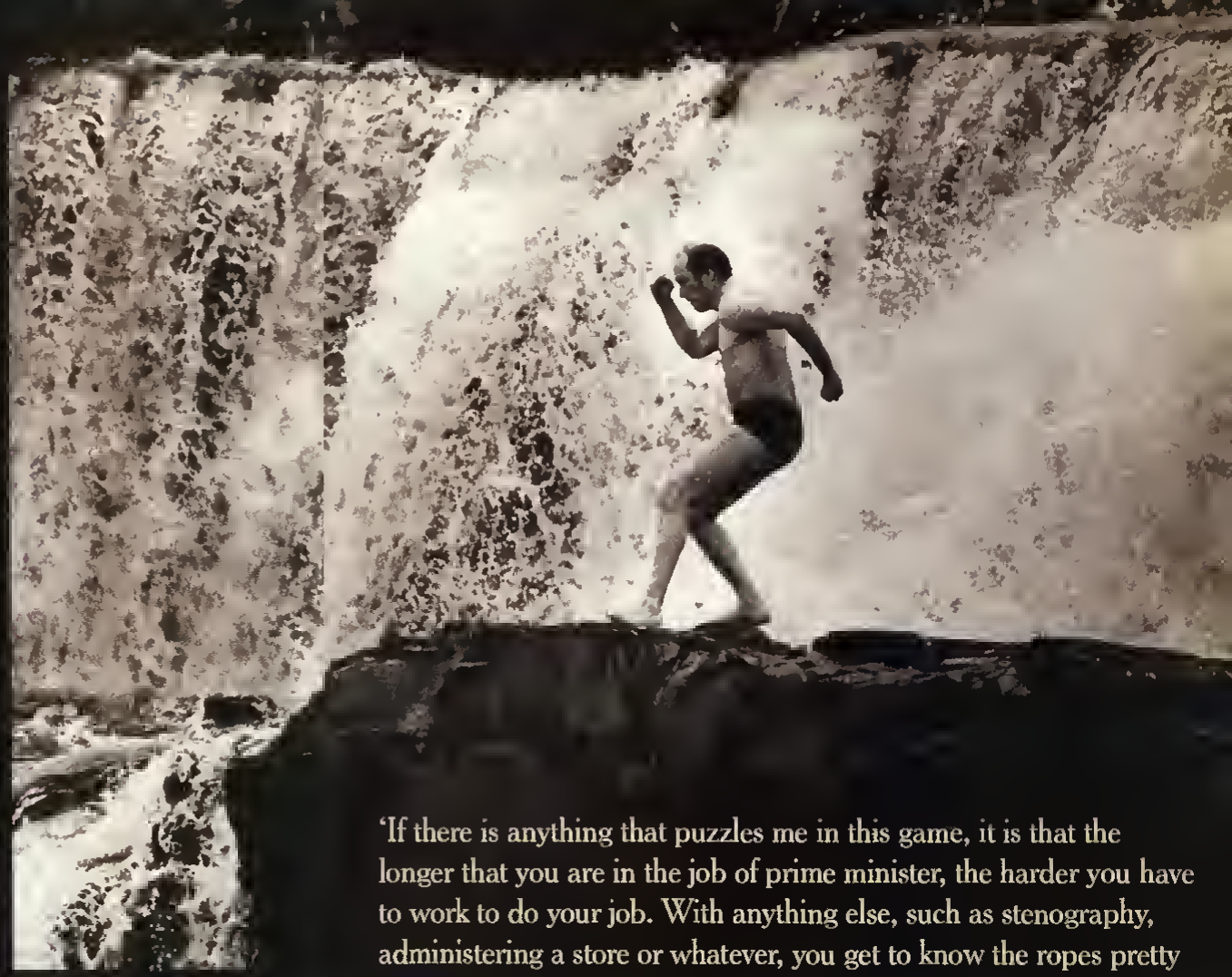
1969: touring a low-income housing project in New Brunswick



1968: Trudeaumania on the streets of Montreal



1970: during a summer boat trip down the Yukon's Nahanni River



1974: striking a pose during a visit to Guyana

'If there is anything that puzzles me in this game, it is that the longer that you are in the job of prime minister, the harder you have to work to do your job. With anything else, such as stenography, administering a store or whatever, you get to know the ropes pretty well and it becomes easy and you can spend a lot of time playing golf or something. I feel that the more you know, the more you have to know and the more problems come at you. It is certainly not because I do not delegate.'

—*in a* Montreal Star *interview, Oct. 6, 1977*

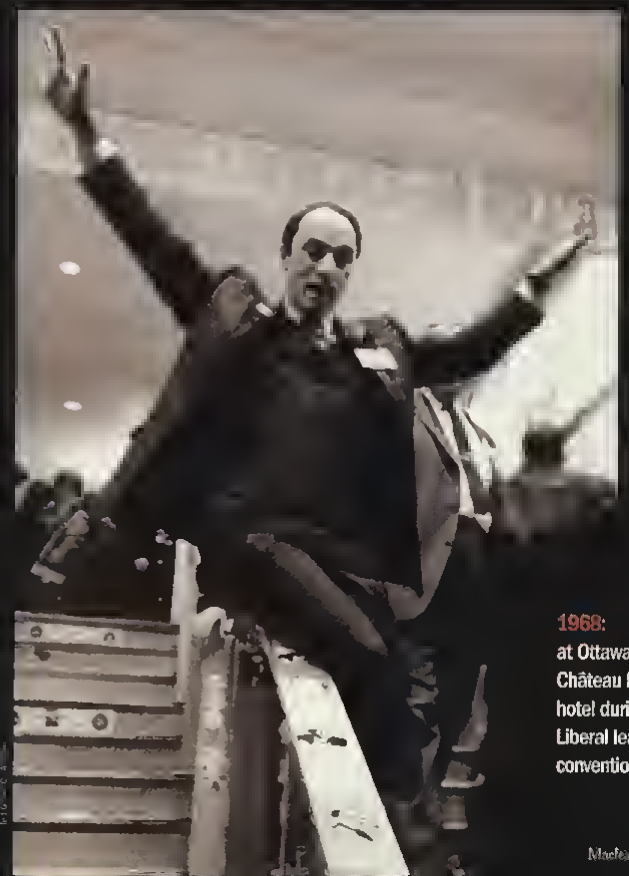
Cover

'If Canada's strength is in her people, her vigour is in the future towards which Canadians have turned instinctively for centuries. I personally do not share with any acuteness the sense of regret expressed by some commentators that Canadians pay insufficient heed to their past. The past we must understand and respect, but it is not to be worshipped. It is in the future that we shall find our greatness.'

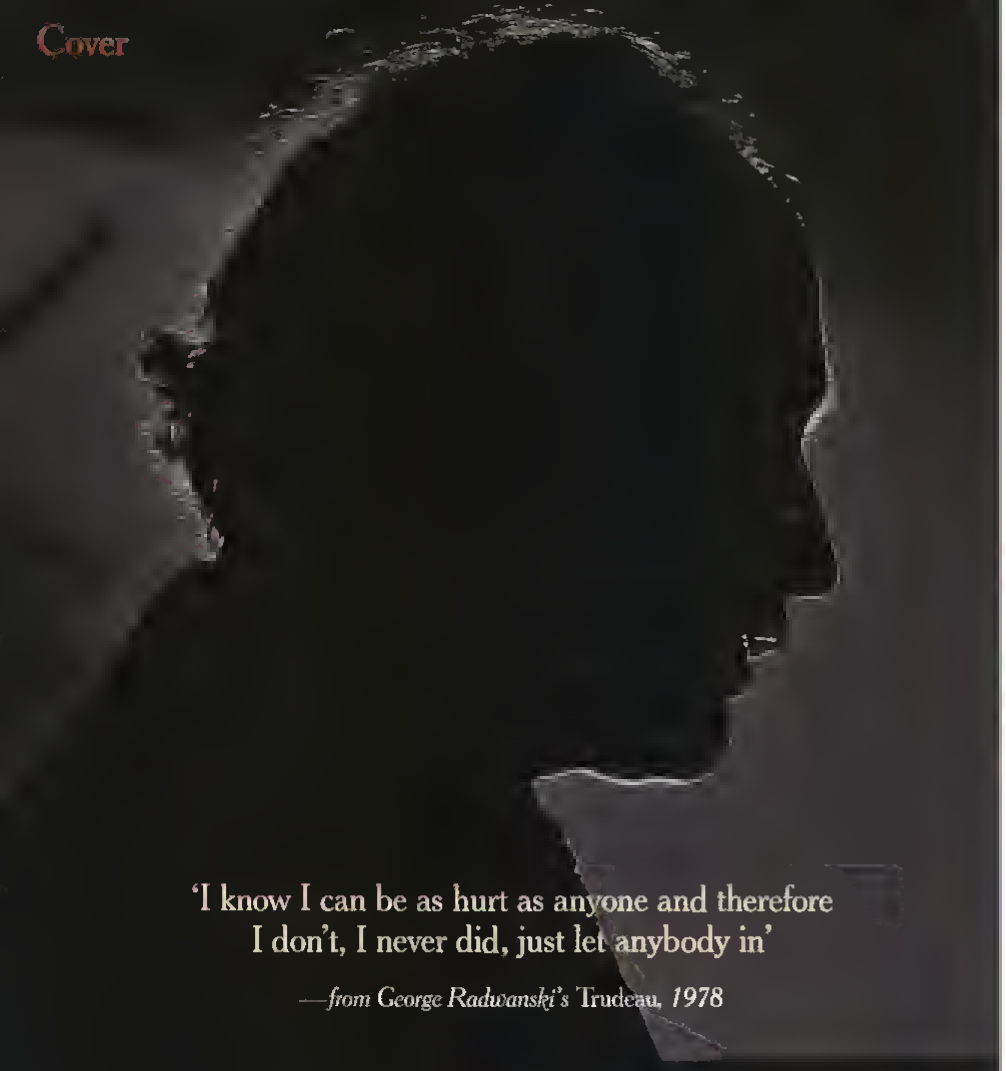
—Oct. 9, 1970



1979: catching son Sacha in Ottawa as Michel looks on



1968: at Ottawa's Château Laurier hotel during the Liberal leadership convention

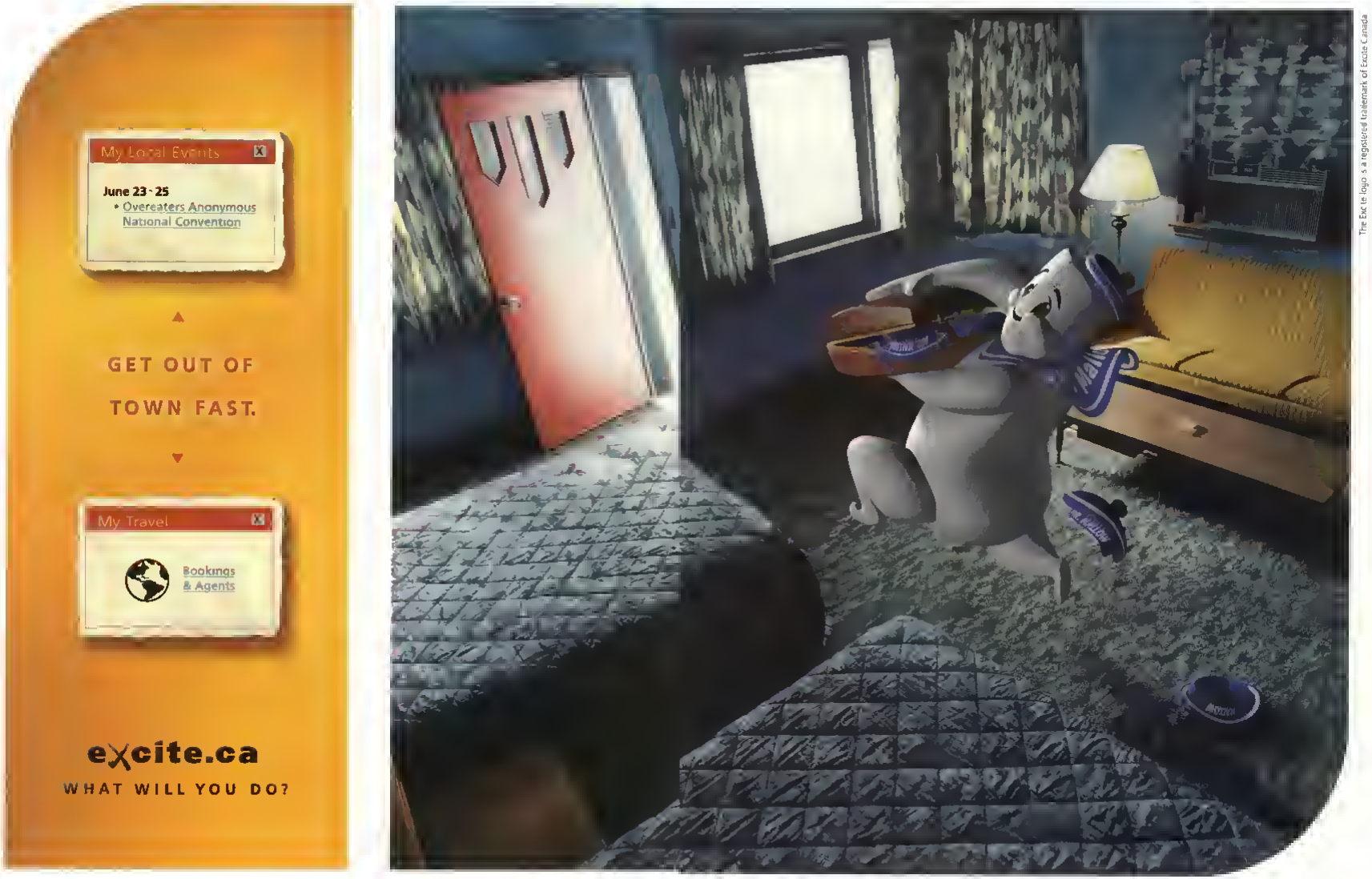


'I know I can be as hurt as anyone and therefore
I don't, I never did, just let anybody in'

—*from George Radwanski's* Trudeau, *1978*






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The Talent Crunch

Faced with a tech-skills shortage, Canadian firms could be doing far more to attract good people

By Patricia Chisholm

It's the job-seeker's mantra of the moment: get some high-tech qualifications and watch the bucks roll in. After all, recent estimates have put the number of unfilled tech jobs in Canada at a staggering 30,000 to 50,000. But the reality can be something else again, as Vancouverite Rob Thompson, 34, recently discovered. After earning a three-year diploma in business administration and information systems last year, Thompson worked for six months at IBM in Edmonton. He left in search of a more entrepreneurial environment, but there was a problem. Most employers insisted on at least two years' experience, even for entry-level positions. Finally, after much networking, résumé-sending and a handful of interviews, Thompson landed his current job as a technical support business analyst at Vancouver's GT Group Telecom Services Corp. "The process was very frustrating," he recalls. "There is supposed to be an abundance, but you can't get through the door unless you have experience. There is a disconnect between the fantasy and the Canadian market."

So much for the red-carpet treatment. Canadian high-tech companies may be screaming for people—most experts believe that recent estimates of staffing shortages are conservative and are likely to get worse—but there is growing recognition that the reasons may have just as much to do with outdated hiring practices as with the undisputed worldwide shortage of tech talent. Even though Canada is bursting with jobs amid a booming economy, lots of qualified Canadians aren't biting: while precise numbers are tough to pin down, a soon-to-be-released study by Mahmood Iqbal of the Conference Board of Canada found that almost 3,000 computer scientists moved to the United States in 1997, up sharply from fewer than 500 in 1993.



Spectra's McLeod (right) with human resources chief Joe Grierson. agile

The Canada-U.S. Gap

An intermediate-level software developer has three to five years' experience in writing computer programs. This is what he or she can expect to make in Canada and the United States.

ANNUAL PAY (1999 Canadian dollars)

Canada	United States
$55,100	$86,900

Estimated disposable income, as a proportion of salary, for a single person in roughly comparable cities (after income taxes, housing, health care, transport, food and clothing):

Vancouver 12.2%	Seattle 38.9%
Ottawa 24.1%	San Jose, Calif. 33.1%
Toronto 13.6%	Boston 28.1%

Source: Personnel Systems

Few, however, would argue that the brain drain is causing all of Canada's tech recruiting problems, especially since it is more than matched by immigration from other countries. But it is one of the worrisome symptoms, some say, that Canada is doing a poor job of holding on to its best-trained, most innovative minds. In the industry's defence, Robyn Gordon, vice-president of the Ottawa-based Software Human Resource Council, says most Internet companies were too busy getting up and running to worry about long-term staffing. And at times, Canadian companies made things even worse by setting unrealistic standards. "We've all heard the stories of the ads that required two to three years of experience in Java programming when Java was only six months old," she says. But that attitude has undergone a huge change over the past 18 months, she adds. "Now, they are taking a hard look at their own practices."

Gordon believes companies are finally waking up to the problem. "They have to," she says, "they're desperate for people." Many, for instance, are beginning to accept the need for training, focusing on aptitude as opposed to a wish list of credentials. Faye West, president of the Canadian Information Processing Society and head of Information Systems at the Alberta Research Council, applauds that shift but says bolder steps are needed, especially when it comes to the ultimate draw for a programmer, say, or a chip designer: challenging work. The Canadian industry, she says, is too cautious, lagging behind the United States when it comes to coaxing highly creative individuals like software developers with leading-edge work. Then the problem perpetuates itself, as the most innovative minds head south. "If you can have fun and make big bucks, why not do it?" West asks.

At least one recent survey backs her up. Personnel Systems, an Ottawa-based firm that advises companies on compensation and performance management, recently polled 130 high-tech professionals who have moved to the United States over the past five years. Money and opportunity were the big draws, with many saying they left reluctantly. Others said Canada fails miserably when it comes to competing in the worldwide market for tech workers, and is even surpassed by Ireland when it comes to generating professional "excitement." About 65 per cent have persuaded Canadian friends and colleagues to join them.

Janice Schellenberger, a senior partner at Personnel Systems, says Canadians have to stop arguing over the existence of the exodus and start talking about ways to keep talented staff, as well as attracting more. "It's the people 30 to 45 years old with five to 10 years of experience who are going," she says. "When you lose a person like that, you lose a lot." She blames lacklustre government policies, such as last spring's relatively minor revisions to the tax treatment of stock options, for much of the problem. "We are picking at the edges," she says. "These people are saying, 'We can work anywhere in the world. Give us a reason to make it Canada.'"

Companies have their own beefs, of course, often focusing on the investment climate. "Canada is getting better," says Robert Crow, vice-president of policy at the Information Technology Association of Canada in Mississauga, Ont., "but it is still known as a high-tax, low-return jurisdiction. And high-end jobs are the result of investment."

Kevin Dunal has a bird's-eye view of the problem. A Canadian who has worked in the United States, he is now head of the Toronto-based Canadian operation of desktop publishing giant Adobe Systems Inc. He says that compared with the United States, it is "easy" to find people in Canada, but it still takes three to five months. Too often, he says, Canadian employers move slowly and lack flexibility. U.S. managers, he says, "move like lightning." Dunal also stresses the importance of a stimulating environment. No one, he says, has left his group of about 20 people in the past two years, compared with an industry average of 15 to 20 per cent a year. He mostly credits his company's emphasis on "keeping the job interesting, day in and day out—you have to stay on your toes."

Toronto-based Spectra Securities Software Inc. is certainly trying to look agile. Spectra sells products that help financial institutions manage customers' portfolios, and counts some of Canada's largest banks and insurance companies among its clients. Spectra's employees almost doubled over the past year, to 234 (it has offices in New York City, London and Sydney, Australia). Most are Web heads under-30 programmers known for bringing skateboards to the office and fuelling 60-hour workweeks with Cheezies and Coke. In addition to share purchases and bonuses, Spectra offers flexible hours, a PC purchase plan, as well as the usual pool table and kitchen crammed with junk food. "Someone asked for fruit," deadpans president John McLeod. "It seemed like a healthy choice, but we went for it anyway." The message, of course, is do what it takes. That will be crucial as Canadian high-tech firms battle over their most precious resource: human capital. m

www.macleans.ca for links



Deirdre McMurdy

The October curse

In Roman times, Julius Caesar was warned to "beware the ides of March." April was described as the "cruellest month" by poet T. S. Eliot. But for equity investors, it is October that is the most treacherous time of all. Most major market setbacks have occurred in the 10th month: from the 1929 Crash to Black Monday in 1987. October, 1997, brought the Asian market collapse that reverberated around the world. And as October loomed in 1998, problems at the U.S. hedge fund Long-Term Capital Management LP severely rattled investor confidence.

Analysts who use technical analysis to bolster their assessment of stock market fundamentals note that over the past 50 years, the Standard and Poor's market index has posted average gains of 13 per cent between Nov. 1 and April 30. But between May 1 and Oct. 31, performance has gone down an average of about four per cent.

There are several reasons why October has become such a danger zone—and why many analysts are already bracing for a rough ride this year. Sept. 30 marks the end of the third quarter, and that's the three-month period when many traditional industrial companies still shut down and retool their plants, which curtails their earnings momentum. On top of that, the arrival of every quarter-end prompts many fund managers to clean out their portfolios and dump their weakest holdings in a bid to bolster their reported returns. Some of the more cynical observers on Bay Street also note that executive bonuses and stock options tend to be awarded at year-end. And in order to optimize those payouts, earnings are often "reserved" or withheld, in order to achieve a fourth-quarter flourish. "It all converges in October," says David Driscoll, money manager with Toron Capital Markets Inc. "There are an average of three corrections every year and we've had two so far in 2000. Chances are the next hit will come in October."

Certainly, the storm clouds have been gathering on the corporate front. Several major U.S. companies—including Intel Corp., Apple Computer Inc., Lucent Technologies, Sprint Corp., Wal-Mart Stores Inc., Gillette Co. and Eastman Kodak Co.—have already warned that they will return lower-than-estimated earnings for the third quarter. In some cases, the weakness is being blamed on soaring fuel costs and a falling euro. But in cases like Intel, the cautionary tone is even more dire. The microchip manufacturer is a bellwether for the technology sector, because its chips are a core component for most computer applications. Now that Intel management has warned of slowing revenue and demand due to an excess of chips, investors are getting edgy about several other technology companies. They have driven down shares of Dell Computer Corp. and Microsoft Corp., as well as Intel.

Although most Canadian companies have so far avoided profit warnings, the technology sector remains especially fragile. For example, longtime market darling Nortel Networks Corp. has come under steady pressure through September. The erosion of its share price has reduced its weighting in the TSE 300 composite index from about 35 per cent to around 29 per cent in a matter of weeks. Those who track the stock say it remains vulnerable to further downdrafts, in part because of profit-taking before the close of the third quarter and also because management has remained notably silent on its revenue outlook for 2001.

Also contributing to a slightly wobbly tone in the tech sector are the somewhat unusual actions of high profile CEO Jean Monty of BCE Inc. Last week, he continued his public predictions about the appropriate price range for his company's stock—this time in *Barron's* magazine. After forecasting earlier this year that BCE shares would climb to $50 by the end of this year and $70 next year, he told *Barron's* they were worth more than $60. Lately, BCE has been trading around $35 a share. And given that most CEOs are discouraged from publicly pegging the value of their stock, some analysts have condemned Monty's promotional comments as a sign of desperation. They observe that he is anxious to pump up BCE's share price in order to use the stock as currency for further acquisitions.

Yet another factor contributing to a general queasiness about October: the Ontario Securities Commission's announcement last week that it has launched a review of the accounting practices at 70 Canadian technology firms. As in the United States earlier this year, regulators want to examine more closely how and when these companies are booking revenue. And if the crackdown has the same result as in the United States, many companies may be required to restate and revise their earnings according to more conservative guidelines.

So, is there any good news for this month? Well, according to Driscoll, who deploys a technical method called "stochastics" to track when the market is overbought and oversold, the worst carnage is almost always over by Oct. 24. He claims that in the past 10 years, market returns between Oct. 24 and Dec. 31 perked up by an average of five to 15 per cent. "Oct. 24 marks the week after most historic corrections," he says. "That means that if you look closely at the fundamentals of a stock, it's a terrific time to buy."

And if there's one sure bet in the equities market, it's that someone will always find opportunity in disaster. Even in October.



A big break for Microsoft



Chairman Bill Gates on the slow track

Has Microsoft won? To many analysts it looked that way last week in the wake of a seemingly routine response to the U.S. government by the Supreme Court. The court simply said it would not hear a "fast-track" appeal of a lower-court decision ordering a breakup of the Redmond, Wash.-based software giant. But that means the justice department's anti-trust case will continue to wind through lower courts for up to two years before gaining a final resolution. Meanwhile, Microsoft, which opposed the fast-track process, will continue to do business as a single company. And come January, a new president will take office. Whoever wins, both Democrat Al Gore and Republican George W. Bush are seen as potentially more sympathetic to Microsoft than Bill Clinton's attorney-general, Janet Reno.

Her department and 19 states had applied for the quick Supreme Court ruling after a federal judge in Washington agreed with them in June that Microsoft was a monopoly and should be split into two companies. The next arena is an appeals court in Washington, which has already ruled in Microsoft's favour in a related case.

The Royal grows across the border

Canada's largest bank will spend $2.2 billion to acquire Minneapolis-based broker Dain Rauscher Corp. The acquisition almost doubles the size of the Royal Bank of Canada's brokerage arm, RBC Dominion Securities Inc., and extends the bank's reach deeper into North America. The Royal has spent close to $6 billion to buy foreign companies since the federal government nixed its 1998 attempt to merge with the Bank of Montreal. Royal CEO John Cleghorn said the bank plans to keep growing through acquisition of foreign firms.

Financial Outlook

More good economic news. Statistics Canada reports that productivity grew 1.5 per cent last year, more than twice the annual average for the past decade. Productivity growth measures how efficiently the economy transforms labour and capital into the output of goods and services. Statscan's method captures the output increase caused by technological and organizational advances, and not just by simple increases in input. The growth rate is important because it is a large factor in the rise of real income. While the productivity rate is not back up to the 1997 level of 2.8 per cent, it stands in sharp contrast to 1998's anemic rate. The rebound, focused largely in the goods-producing and manufacturing sectors, is expected to be repeated this year as the economy remains robust.

EFFICIENCY EFFORT

Annual growth in productivity

	1997	1998	1999
All business			
Services	1.9	0.6	0.8
Goods-producing			
Manufacturing	4.1	0.6	3.6

Source: Statistics Canada

Labour peace

Air Canada had good news on the personnel front. Its 2,200 pilots voted to ratify a four-year contract based on a mediator's recommendations, ending any possibility of the strike they had threatened earlier. And the Canadian Auto Workers union tentatively agreed to a two-year pact covering 4,200 reservations, check-in and other ground staff. The union said the deal includes new scheduling rules that will help reduce long lineups and inefficient service at airports due to the merger with Canadian Airlines.

Easing the oil pinch

Petroleum prices fell as the United States said it would release some of its strategic oil reserves and a rare summit of the Organization of Petroleum Exporting Countries ended amid signs of disunity. Saudi Arabia, the cartel's biggest producer, said it would do what was necessary to stabilize oil prices, although OPEC itself put off any decision to raise production quotas until an oil ministers' meeting in November.

B2Bell

Two BCE Inc. companies and three financial institutions set up a $1-billion Internet-based electronic marketplace to help smaller businesses buy in bulk at lower prices. Bell Canada and BCE Emergis Inc. joined with the Canadian Imperial Bank of Commerce, the Bank of Nova Scotia and Mouvement Desjardins, Quebec's credit union system, to form Procuron Inc. The site will initially offer discounts on office supplies.

Straus cashes in big

Jozef Straus, co-chairman and CEO of Nepean, Ont.-based fibre-optics giant JDS Uniphase Corp., has redeemed stock options for a personal profit of $189.3 million. A JDS spokeswoman said Straus had donated an unspecified part of the proceeds to charity.

CanWest sells Alliance stake

CanWest Global Communications Corp. sold its 20-per-cent share of Alliance Atlantis Communications Inc. The move doused speculation that CanWest would take over the Toronto-based TV and film producer.



The scientist in front of a smaller, but similar, ichthyosaur fossil. 'hands filled'

A big fish story

Albertan Elizabeth Nicholls' work on an ancient marine reptile has captivated other paleontologists

By Brian Bergman in Drumheller

At the tender age of 6, Elizabeth Nicholls already knew her life's calling. Her inspiration came from a popular children's book, *All About Dinosaurs*, by American paleontologist Roy Chapman Andrews. "He talked about going to these remote parts of the world and finding these exciting beasts from the past," recalls Nicholls. "I thought, 'Gee, that's what I want to do when I grow up.'" These days, the 54-year-old Nicholls is living out her childhood dream. But instead of dinosaurs, Nicholls tracks down and studies the fossilized remains of the equally imposing marine reptiles that lurked in the ocean depths more than 200 million years ago. From her base at the Royal Tyrrell Museum of Palaeontology in Drumheller, Alta., she is currently wrestling with her greatest challenge to date: a 23-m-long creature known as an ichthyosaur (meaning "fish lizard"), the largest marine reptile ever discovered. "I'm going to have my hands filled with this one for a long time," says Nicholls, laughing heartily.

The particular ichthyosaur that Nicholls is consumed with was first discovered in 1992 along the banks of the remote Sikanni Chief River in northeastern British Columbia. Along with technical crews from the Tyrrell museum, Nicholls spent the past three summers excavating and removing the remains of the beast, a task completed in August. She is now overseeing the painstaking job of cleaning and reconstructing the giant reptile, which could take another five years. At 23 m, Nicholls' specimen is 50-per-cent bigger than the largest previously known marine reptile, an ichthyosaur discovered in the Nevada desert in the 1950s. It is also bigger than many of the biggest dinosaurs and may prove to be the largest animal to actively pursue prey that ever lived. For those reasons, the world's tightly knit paleontology community is monitoring Nicholls' progress. It is also why the publicity-shy scientist was in New York City last week to accept a $75,000 prize as one of five recipients of the Rolex Awards for Enterprise granted periodically by the Geneva-based Rolex Watch Co.

Ichthyosaurs are the most ancient of marine reptiles. The earliest ones date back to the Triassic Period, between 208 and 245 million years ago. They appeared on earth about 15 to 20 million years before the first dinosaurs and became extinct about 110 million years ago—a good 45 million years before the last dinosaur disappeared.

While dinosaurs dominated the land, ichthyosaurs and other marine reptiles ruled the oceans. Ichthyosaurs looked a lot like modern dolphins except they were reptiles, not mammals, and their tails pointed up and down instead of side to side. They gave birth to live young, rather than laying eggs like most reptiles. Other than that, they remain very much a mystery. The ichthyosaur evolved from a land animal, but it is not known what kind, and it has no living relatives. The creature's demise is still a



Aerial view of the Sikanni Chief River excavation site, buried in limestone

matter of conjecture, though it is possible that the squid-like animals known as belemnites upon which the reptile preyed disappeared first, drying up its food supply.

The ichthyosaur that Nicholls is studying is believed to be about 220 million years old. Keary Walde, an environmental consultant based in Fort Saint John, B.C., stumbled upon its remains eight years ago while doing a survey along the Sikanni Chief River. He reported his discovery to the Tyrrell museum, where Nicholls serves as curator of marine reptiles. Nicholls first visited the site in 1994, where she found a string of vertebrae and ribs visible along one riverbank; the rest of the remains, including what turned out to be a 5.8-m-long skull, was largely buried in limestone and hidden by the dense forest brush. Nicholls was immediately intrigued by the immense size of the specimen and that it looked to be largely intact. But she considered the logistics of extracting such a large fossil from such a remote area to be daunting. It would, she knew, take more money and resources than she had at her disposal.

> 'The size is just incredible for a predator, and we want to know what the heck did it eat?'

Nicholls spent the next four years assembling the required funding and field support. A key breakthrough came when Japanese paleontologist Makoto Manabe joined the effort, bringing with him at least $170,000 in funding from the National Science Museum in Tokyo. Starting in 1998, Nicholls supervised a series of five-person crews, which used jackhammers and rock saws to carve out chunks of the fossil-embedded limestone. The largest, containing much of the skull, weighed 4½ tonnes, just within the five-tonne payload of the Sikorsky S-61 helicopter, which rents for $5,000 an hour. "We gave a sigh of relief when that one lifted off," recalls Nicholls.

Through it all, Nicholls and her team endured lashing rainstorms, mosquitoes and the threat of grizzly and black bear attacks. The digging season was short, starting in early June and ending by mid-August, when the big-game hunting season opens in the area. "I'm not scared of bears," quips Nicholls, "but I am scared of hunters."

One of the things Nicholls hopes to learn from her specimen is how the giant reptile captured its food. Because of their size and the energy it takes to pursue prey, the largest modern marine animals, including whales, are passive filter feeders—they take in massive amounts of water and the krill on which they feed, and then squirt the water out. But it is possible that the skull of Nicholls' ichthyosaur will turn out to contain sharp teeth. If that's the case, says Nicholls, "the size is just incredible for an active predator, and what we would want to know is, what the heck did it eat?"

Judy Massare, a State University of New York at Brockport paleontologist who also specializes in marine reptiles, agrees that Nicholls' work should shed new light on the feeding behaviour of the prehistoric beasts. But she thinks a more immediate effect may be to increase public awareness about marine reptiles, which have been largely overlooked in all the Hollywood hype regarding dinosaurs. "Marine reptiles don't get the same level of attention, even though they were just as successful," says Massare. "Dinosaurs just have better PR!"

Ironically, Nicholls got into the field partly because of the lower profile accorded marine reptiles. "It didn't have quite the media feeding frenzy that dinosaurs do," she explains. "I get quite turned off by that." Born Elizabeth Roberts in Berkeley, Calif., Nicholls did her initial studies at the University of California, where she met her future husband, Jim Nicholls. She came to Canada in 1969 when Jim accepted a job as a geology professor at the University of Calgary, the same campus where she later earned her master's in paleontology. Nicholls interrupted her academic career for 12 years to stay at home with her two now-grown daughters—though she continued to work part time collecting and studying fossils.

After returning to school to earn her doctorate, Nicholls began working at the Tyrrell museum in 1989. Nicholls, who became a Canadian citizen the following year, has travelled as far afield as China in search of specimens. "It's everything I ever wanted to do," she says. "It's my great passion." In fact, Nicholls continues to exude an almost childlike enthusiasm for her vocation. "It's exciting when you are the first person to ever see a certain animal," she says. "It's an adrenaline high." For a self-described "wilderness freak," there is an added bonus. "I like to backpack and explore the outdoors," says Nicholls. "This is a wonderful opportunity to get paid to do what I want in the places I love most. It's pretty cool." m



Throughout the Sydney Olympics, women bore the weightiest pressure and reaped the brightest worldwide spotlight for their efforts

The Girl Games

By James Deacon in Sydney

Anne Montminy and Emilie Heymans didn't have much time to train for the synchronized 10-m diving event. It was not a top priority for competitors who were medal contenders in the individual tower event at the Summer Games. But since they both live in the Montreal area, they got together for an occasional hour and made plans to resume training once the individual event was finished. It took a while to get their rhythm right, and after that it was simply a matter of standing up on the tower and going on the count of three. According to their head coach, the 25-year-old Montminy—as the veteran—counted it down to Heymans, 18. But after towelling off with a silver medal to their credit, the pair revealed that their coach was wrong. "Emilie only hears out of her left ear," Montminy confided. "So she ran the show."

It made sense that, for the Canadian team in Sydney, a thrown-together arrangement made out of last-minute necessity delivered such a sterling reward. Montminy, having already won bronze in the individual tower, became Canada's first double medallist in Sydney in an event that was making its Olympic debut. In fact, Canada did splendidly in new events. Simon Whitfield won gold in the triathlon, Karen Cockburn and Mathieu Turgeon captured bronze in the women's and men's trampoline, respectively, and last week Winnipeg's Dominique Bosshart, coming from behind in her final match, grabbed bronze in tae kwon do.

It was also fitting that, with a third-place finish in synchronized swimming—and champion kayaker Caroline Brunet scheduled to race after press time—so many of Canada's medals came from women. After all, these were the so-called Girl Games—or, as one Australian newspaper cheekily put it, The Games of the Dames. Right from the start, when opening ceremonies organizers chose to honour the centennial of female athletes competing in the Olympics, the focus has been on women. Throughout the Games, they bore the weightiest pressure and reaped the brightest worldwide spotlight for their efforts. And there were more of them: just under 40 per cent of the 11,084 athletes in Sydney were women. By 2004, Olympic officials predict, the number of women will finally reach half the athlete population, a huge increase over the 20 per cent who attended the Montreal Games in 1976.

Canada has already done its part to tip the balance. For the second straight Games, its team had more female athletes than male. "We have been leaders in making sporting opportunities available to women," said Sue Hyland, who





Bosshart (opposite, right) battling towards bronze, Montminy and Heymans airborne; and with silver, more female athletes than male





Peter Bregg/Maclean's

headed Canada's team operations in Sydney. "We have a pretty progressive country, and women have done well by it," They have done well, period. In the pool, the eight-woman synchronized swim team dazzled fans to win bronze-medal marks with a performance that evoked images of other sports at the Summer Games—from hurdlers and high jumpers to archers and cyclists. In synchro's most competitive Olympic final ever, the Canadians had by far the most athletic performance of the eight in the last group. "The sport has really come a long, long way even since 1996," explained synchro-swimmer Jacinthe Taillon of St-Eustache, Que. "A lot of countries that weren't on the map four years ago are really strong now. And it will be better in another four years."

It wasn't a bad week for Canadian men. There was wrestler Daniel Igali, fighting his way into the gold-medal match at the weekend. Tennis stars Daniel Nestor and Sébastien Lareau won gold in men's doubles. And veteran canoeist Steve Giles paddled to a bronze in the 1,000-m sprint final with a blistering kick at the end. "The finish was awesome," said an exhausted Giles. The men's basketball team had a terrific tournament, including a stunning upset of Yugoslavia, but fell short of a medal. Competitors from other countries had memorable weeks as well—U.S. sprinters Michael Johnson and Maurice Greene winning the 400-m and 100-m finals, Kenya's Noah Ngeny upsetting heavy favourite Hicham El Guerrouj of Morocco in the 1,500; Haile Gebrselassie of Ethiopia narrowly edging Kenya's Paul Tergat to win what many say was the greatest 10,000-m race in history; and Russia's hulking Alexandre Karelin, the greatest Greco-Roman heavyweight of all time, absorbing a rare and crushing defeat in the final at the hands of an American farmer.

Nestor (left) and Lareau looking golden in tennis doubles. Giles (opposite) congratulating Germany's Andreas Dittmer; Freeman embracing Jones on her win in the 200-m run. men had their moments

Like it or not, some top female performers got nearly as much ink for their makeup, their painted nails and their skintight outfits





But overall, women etched the most indelible images. Right away, there was Cathy Freeman, the Aussie Aboriginal runner, lighting the Olympic flame at the opening ceremonies and carrying an inestimable burden of expectations into the 400-m final (page 51). American sprinter Marion Jones provided U.S. television with the star power it craves, and some drama as well: she ultimately fell short of her all-gold dream, capturing three golds and two bronzes, while weathering the controversy over her shot-putter husband's positive steroid test. On TV and in the papers, there appeared the rare image of an Iranian woman named Manijeh Kazemi, partly yet discreetly unveiled, competing in pistol shooting. And China's Fu Mingxia, in her third Olympics though still only 23, edged closer to diving perfection by winning the three-metre springboard, giving her gold in a third straight Games. There were so many female stars that U.S. tennis headliners Venus and Serena Williams got relatively little notice for their gold-medal efforts.

Partly because of those individual stars, many women's sports achieved near parity in Sydney. On the soccer and hockey pitches, at the track and in the pool, women's events either held their own or eclipsed the popularity of the men's competitions. How big have these sports become? Consider: the women's track-and-field events used to be afterthoughts for attending media. Yet at Stadium Australia last week, some middle-aged newspaper reporters were heard grousing that Games organizers should in future better arrange the schedule so that the men's and women's 100-m finals were not run one after the other. "There's no way," one writer concluded, "that we can cover two huge events back-to-back like this."

Undeniably, some women's sports drew attention as much for their sex appeal as for the level of competition. Canada's highly ranked women's water polo team sank early in its Olympic debut, but the sport was hugely popular—it's fast, tough and easy for viewers to follow—and there is always the prospect of a torn bathing suit to bring out the gawkers. In fact, the biggest controversy about the Girl Games was over the role sex played in the selling of their sports. Some top performers got nearly as much ink for their makeup, their painted nails and their skintight outfits, and a few posed nude for pre-Games photos. But if some critics ques-

The Canucks who knocked 'the Woodies'

"How did it happen?" the Australian TV host asked Mark Woodforde and Todd Woodbridge—renowned Down Under as "the Woodies"—were being grilled on how they managed to lose their final match as the world's most successful tennis doubles team. And how, the host went on, could they let it go to "a couple of no-name Canadians"?

The "no-names" in question—actually Daniel Nestor of Toronto and Sébastien Lareau of Montreal—whipped the legendary Woodies soundly to win gold, Canada's first-ever Olympic medal in tennis. And to do it on the Australian duo's home court, amid inevitable choruses of "Aussie! Aussie! Aussie! Oi! Oi! Oi!" made the victory even sweeter. "It's nice to send them off with a loss," said Nestor, "especially in front of their home crowd, and especially the way we did it."

The way they did it was convincing. After a shaky opening set, the Canadians took three straight to win. Nestor dominated, especially with a booming serve that hit 194 km/h during a match that ground on for two hours and 43 minutes. Woodforde and Woodbridge, with an unparallelled doubles record of 61 world titles over a decade together, had to settle for silver. It was their last match: at 35, Woodforde is retiring from tennis.

Sadly for Canadian tennis, though, the Nestor-Lareau partnership is unlikely to be lasting. Both Nestor, 28, and Lareau, 27, dumped other doubles partners about a year ago to play with each other. Lareau asked Nestor to team up during a tournament in Shanghai. "I was a little surprised," Nestor recalled, "but when I thought about it, it made sense." Nestor is a left-hander with the bigger serve; Lareau is a rightie who is stronger at the net. "We don't really have any weaknesses," Nestor said. But despite their Sydney success, both said they will focus on their singles game and team up only for key matches, including next year's grand slams.

The victory was special for Nestor, too, because it marked his comeback from delicate surgery on his left shoulder. "I know a lot of players who never really recover from that, who can never hit as hard as they did," he said. "I was worried." But he started playing again in May—and showed last week he is as good as ever. As for Lareau, winning gold for his country was "the highlight of my career, a magic moment."

Andrew Phillips in Sydney

Canada's disappointing medal haul has heightened the debate over sport funding



Photography by Pete Bregg, Maclean's

The bronze-winning Canadian synchro team: the sport has really come a long, long way'

tioned deliberate attempts at attention-getting, others were more philosophical. "There's no one way for women to think—there are many voices, many faces," said Bryna Kopelow, chair of the Canadian Association for the Advancement of Women and Sport. "Women do things in different ways and we have to honour and respect this."

Take the women's pole vault. The final was scheduled on the same night at the track that Freeman and Johnson ran their respective 400s, and when Romania's tiny Gabriela Szabo hung on to beat Ireland's Sonia O'Sullivan in a brilliant 5,000-m duel. Yet on TV and on the huge screens at the stadium, the vaulters got their share of the limelight. The competition was extremely close, and it didn't hurt that the final-



Igali (right) in early action on to the finals

ists, including Iceland's Vala Flosadottir, Australia's Russian export Tatiana Grigorieva and the eventual winner, American Stacey Dragila, were not only great athletes but very attractive ones as well. The blond-haired, wild-eyed Grigorieva had turned up in an Australian magazine without her track suit. But that didn't appear to bother her competitors. If people want to tune in to the pole vault to watch "hot chicks," Dragila said afterward, then so be it.

Gains in popularity and endorsement opportunities may not be enough to keep some Canadian veterans in competition. Brunet, who has kept a punishing training schedule for years, is plain worn out. Three-time world champion rower Emma Robinson is heading for medical school. And Montminy has been called to the bar and is weighing an offer to article with a Montreal firm. But Montminy says work is the last thing on her mind, and she is considering studying for a master's degree at the University of California at Berkeley. "I don't even know if I want to be a lawyer," she told *Maclean's*. "I just want to spend a year being a student, because I haven't been able to do that properly. And I want to do some partying, hang out, go somewhere where it's warm for a while."

Still, retirement from sports is hard to do, even for Montminy. There was that moment in the 10-m final when, with a couple of solid dives, she could have overtaken the American and two Chinese, and grabbed the title of Olympic champion. "It was right there," Montminy said, holding two fingers millimetres apart. That has left her with a competitive itch that can only be scratched in Athens in 2004. "Those were two dives I can do better in my sleep," she groaned. "Come back? Sure, definitely, that's still in my mind. Very much."

For Canadian athletes, perhaps the best result in Sydney is the pressure that a disappointing performance has brought to the debate over sport funding. There is a school of thought that federal cutbacks to an already stretched sports budget have stripped sport federations of their ability to field competitive teams and athletes. Another positive result here is that the success of Canada's female athletes is already attracting girls to sports. In Calgary, 12-year-old Ashley Andersen says she has always played soccer, basketball and volleyball at school. But now she has a new ambition. "Seeing Anne dive,' she says of Montminy, "makes me feel like I want to do that, too." In today's sports world, she'll have a pretty good chance to fulfil that dream.

With Susan McClelland in Toronto

A Race for All Australia

Andrew Phillips in Sydney



Jerry Lampen/Reuters

Celebrating 400 m gold: her story reflects many recent wounds of her Aboriginal people

When Cathy Freeman took the starting line at the mammoth Stadium Australia last week, it was a wonder she could move her feet—let alone scamper 400 metres in a shade over 49 seconds. All of Australia placed on her slight frame a crushing burden of expectations. She had to win gold, to be sure, but she had to do much more. Somehow, if the newspapers and breathless commentators were to be believed, Freeman had to redeem her country and assuage its majority's nagging guilt over the plight of its Aboriginal people. It was, one newspaper proclaimed, the race that would 'stop a nation'."

Stop the nation it did. At 8:10 p.m. on Sept. 25, there was a collective clenching, an almost audible intake of breath as Freeman took her mark, outfitted in the aerodynamic green, white and gold bodysuit that made her look as if she were running straight into the future. Nowhere were expectations higher than the Yarra Bay Sailing Club, a congenial establishment in Sydney's southern suburbs where folks gather to drink, work the gambling machines and (now and then) do a spot of sailing on Botany Bay. About half the members are Aboriginal, and as Freeman took off they were willing her to win. "You go, girl!" cried Assan Timbery, leader of the local Aboriginal community, as the race flashed across the club's TV screens. "Come on, Cath!"

There were damp eyes and satisfied smiles after Freeman won—exactly 49.11 seconds later—and claimed the first Olympic gold ever won by an Aboriginal Australian. Then there was minute analysis of the symbolism in her race: how her shoes incorporate the Aboriginal colours of black, red and yellow; how she threw them off and took her victory lap barefoot in traditional Aboriginal style; and how she carried both the Australian and Aboriginal flags as the crowd roared its approval. "Cath's done it for all of us," said Pat Russell, 60, at the Yarra club as she dabbed tears from her eyes.

Cathy Freeman carried the weight of a nation to Olympic glory

It was no surprise that Aboriginals hailed Freeman, whose story reflects many of their recent wounds. Her grandmother was taken from her parents to be raised in state institutions—part of the so-called stolen generation of Aboriginal children separated from their people between about 1910 and 1970 in a misguided effort to save them from addiction and endemic poverty. Aboriginals want a formal apology from the federal government, Prime Minister John Howard refuses on the grounds that this generation cannot accept responsibility for earlier abuses. "That makes me really cranky," says Barbara Keeley-Simms, a club member whose own father was separated from his family. "They're denying history."

Freeman has not been overtly political, disappointing Aboriginal activists. But in July she told a British interviewer that Howard's government is "insensitive" for refusing to apologize. "All that pain, it's very strong, and generations have felt it," she said. "There's a sense of sadness and anger." On her right arm she has a tattoo that reads simply but ambiguously: "Cos I'm free."

Freeman shares little of the daily reality of Australia's 386,000 Aboriginals, who make up about two per cent of the country's population. They suffer higher-than-average rates of addiction, suicide, poverty, disease and homelessness. She has endorsement contracts worth millions, is married to an American Nike executive, Alexander Bodecker, and has homes in Australia and California. Still, the organizers' decision to have her light the Olympic cauldron, and the national ecstasy that greeted her win, was hailed as a sign of "reconciliation" with Aboriginals—though what exactly that meant was left conspicuously unclear. Freeman herself was just busy racing—making history rather than speculating about it.

The Olympic Drug Cloud

By Andrew Phillips in Sydney

Which was the true face of illegal drug use at the Sydney Games? Was it the tear-stained visage of C. J. Hunter, the six-foot-one, 330-lb. shot-putter, invariably described as "hulking," as he pleaded for understanding and assured the world that he would never do anything to harm his wife, superstar sprinter Marion Jones?

Or was it the perky, defiant face of Andreea Raducan, the elfin Romanian gymnast who at four-foot-ten and 82 lb., looked like something Hunter might effortlessly send soaring across a shot-put field?

According to Olympic officials last week, the answer, of course, was both. Hunter, it was revealed, had tested positive four times before the Games for the banned steroid nandrolone. He had already taken himself off the U.S. Olympic team, supposedly because of a bad knee, but the suspicions swirling around him inevitably cast a long shadow over Jones's historic attempt to win five gold medals for running and jumping. That was supposed to provide the drama of the Games' final week—her so-called drive for five that ended with her taking three golds and two bronzes. Instead, no one could watch her flying around the Olympic track without wondering, did she know? And, if so, did she care?



Hunter and Jones: hitting the country that has lectured others the loudest

There was little sympathy for Hunter, despite his tears, as he proclaimed his devotion to Jones: even he acknowledged that "I can be downright mean," and he enlisted O. J. Simpson's lawyer, Johnnie Cochran, in his defence. But Raducan provided the other side of the drug story. Five days before she turned 17, she won gold in the women's all-round gymnastics event—only to have her medal taken away when she tested positive for pseudoephedrine, a stimulant present in two cold tablets given to her by her team doctor. She said they didn't help her, they even "made me dizzy." Olympic officials praised her as "a fine young elite athlete"—but said they could not compromise in the fight against doping. How the banned substance got into her body, they ruled, was not relevant. The point was that it was there and could have given her an edge in competition. As for Raducan, she didn't flinch. "I've done nothing wrong," she said. "Where is my medal?"

Were these the Shame Games—or the start of a real crackdown on doping?

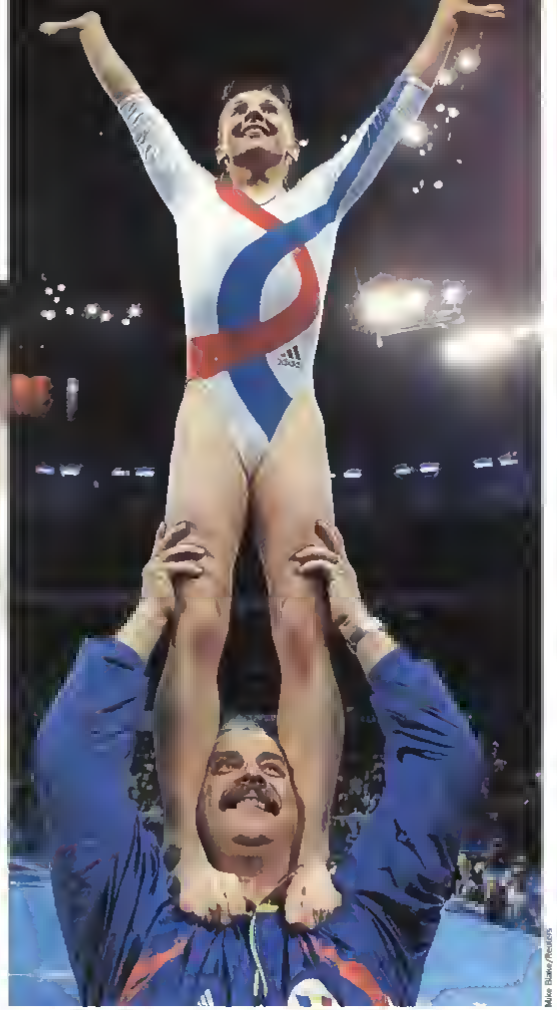
So were Sydney's Olympics the Shame Games or the Tainted Games, as overheated commentators quickly wrote? Or were they the Crackdown Games, the Games that finally saw a serious fight against the use of banned performance-enhancing substances among the world's top athletes, as Olympic officials insisted?

The numbers can support both arguments. By the end of last week, more than 35 athletes had been expelled from the Games after testing positive, or prevented from taking part because they flunked pre-competition drug tests. They included Bulgarian and Taiwanese weightlifters, an Egyptian wrestler, a British cyclist, a German runner, plus an equestrian (Eric Lamaze) and a hammer thrower (Robin Lyons) from Canada. Hammer thrower Mihaela Melinte of Romania was even taken off the field just as she was about to make her first throw because she came up positive for steroids before the Games. China dropped 27 athletes from its team before leaving for Sydney.

By contrast, only two competitors were expelled from the 1996 Atlanta Games because of drugs. There is no evidence that more athletes are using banned substances—but plenty to suggest that drug testers are finally nailing the cheaters and keeping others from even showing up at the Games. Last year, international sports organizations set up a new, independent organization, the World Anti-Doping Agency, to lead the fight. Its experts co-ordinated drug testing in Sydney, checking every medal winner and conducting more than 1,500 random tests on other athletes.

The result: more disgraced competitors. It looked bad in Sydney—but it may set a new tone for future competitions. "It's a bad thing for these Games," said Prince Albert of Monaco, a member of the International Olympic Committee involved in drug testing. "But it is a good thing that we catch these people. It shows that our controls and our tests are efficient." Added IOC director-general François Carrard: "The fight against doping has very seriously intensified. This means some tougher provisions, more accountability."

Drug use among athletes may be the oldest story at the Olympics—ancient Greeks sought out magic potions to help them win laurels in the original version of the Games. The new twist in Sydney was the identity of those under suspicion. Many expelled athletes, like the bulked-up weightlifters and shot-putters from eastern Europe, fit old stereotypes. But the team at the centre of the fiercest controversy came from the country that has been loudest in calling for a crackdown on doping: the United States. After Hunter's positive tests for nandrolone were revealed, the international track-and-field federation, the IAAF, said that 15 to 20 U.S. athletes tested positive before the Olympics, but it wasn't informed. Worse, IAAF officials accused the United States of covering up abuses among its own team members.



Mike Blake/Reuters

Raducan before the fall: 'I've done nothing wrong. Where is my medal?'

The accusation stung—especially since the Americans have taken the lead in lecturing other countries about the need to get drugs out of sports. Olympic officials, led by IOC vice-president Richard Pound of Montreal, pointedly advised the U.S. Olympic Team to live up to the standards it wants to set for others. The Americans, Pound said, "are in a state of denial." And Pound ridiculed Hunter's claim that he tested positive for nandrolone because it was present in an iron supplement he was taking. It turned out that Hunter had 1,000 times the permitted level of the steroid. With that amount, joked Pound, "he'd be pretty rusty."

By week's end, U.S. Olympic Committee chief Norman Blake claimed the beleaguered team was a victim of a "witch-hunt atmosphere" at the Games. He insisted that no American athlete who tested positive was competing in Sydney. But the pressure was clearly on: the U.S. track-and-field team announced that it will set up an independent commission to review the doping accusations, chaired by Richard McLaren, a professor of law at the University of Western Ontario in London, Ont., who served as an arbitrator at the 1998 Winter Games. The team agreed to hand over details of positive drug tests on its athletes to the new commission—including their names—despite its policy of keeping their identities confidential until a second test confirms that they have violated drug rules. The idea, said Blake, is "to satisfy all the folks who think we're hiding something."

Olympic officials may have started to deal seriously with their drug problem in Sydney, but the clouds over the American team show they have a long way to go. The Olympic movement faces a change in leadership with the scheduled retirement next year of its longtime president, Juan Antonio Samaranch, and drugs will be a top priority. In Sydney, leading corporate sponsors of elite athletes voiced concern that the Games could be fatally undermined if the public decides that it cannot believe what it is seeing—that the amazing sprinter or awesome jumper is a product of pharmacology rather than genetics, coaching and hard work. But with luck and leadership, Sydney could be remembered as the city that finally launched a serious fight against drugs in sports.



Photograph by Paul Saltzman/Corbis Images

The Fab Four and other devotees at the Maharishi's meditation workshop in India: a relaxed, rarely seen side

Music

Band on a Run

Three decades after their breakup, the Beatles are still one of the hottest groups going

By Nicholas Jennings

They sat in a box for 30 years, intimate photographs of the Beatles taken during the group's retreat in India in early 1968. Toronto filmmaker Paul Saltzman, then a backpacking 24-year-old on a spiritual quest himself, had snapped the pictures at a transcendental meditation workshop in the Indian village of Rishikesh led by the Maharishi Mahesh Yogi. After returning to Canada later that year, Saltzman sold some of the shots, along with an account of his "life-changing" experience, to *Maclean's*. But after that, he rarely thought about the photos, although he did return to the subcontinent many times.

Then, two years ago, Devyani, Saltzman's teenage daughter from his marriage to film director Deepa Mehta, asked to see the historic snaps. Recalls Saltzman, 56: Devyani and her friends had just discovered the Beatles and had become fans of the music. When she saw the photos she was so enthusiastic that I decided I should do something with them." The result is *The Beatles in Rishikesh* (Viking Studio), an illustrated diary of Saltzman's encounter. Undimmed by time, the crisp colour images vividly capture a relaxed, rarely seen side of the Fab Four.



Hard to believe? After the Beatles have appeared in countless newspaper and magazine articles, in numerous feature films and documentaries, on the covers of thousands of authorized and bootleg recordings and inside more than 400 books, what more can there be to see of the world's most photographed group? And isn't the public's thirst for Beatlemania—three decades after the band's breakup—finally quenched? Nor by a long shot, judging by the bonanza of Beatles-related releases coming this fall. Saltzman's memoir is one of a dozen major titles being published, many of them to coincide with the birthday of John Lennon—who would have been 60 on Oct. 9. There are reprinted books by and about Lennon, including *In His Own Write* and *Lennon Remembers: The Famous Rolling Stone Interviews*, and two new picture books on Paul McCartney, one combining his late wife Linda's shots of him with the Cute One's own artwork. Meanwhile, Beatle manager Brian Epstein is the subject of a new biography, and the artwork of Lennon's widow, Yoko Ono, is featured in two other books.

At the same time, the Beatles are back on the airwaves and both big and small screens with the re-release of recordings, films and videotapes. Next month, Capitol/EMI is rumoured to be releasing *Beatles One*, a 27-track compilation of all the group's No. 1 hits. EMI will also reissue two classic Lennon albums, *Double Fantasy* and *John Lennon/Plastic Ono Band*. There's even new Beatles music, of a sort: last month, McCartney issued *Liverpool Sound Collage*, an experimental CD that combines street recordings with outtakes from and portions of early Beatles recordings. McCartney's classical work *Liverpool Oratorio* and his concert last year at the Cavern club.

But easily the biggest release is this week's publication of *The Beatles Anthology*, billed as the definitive history of the band, "told for the first time in their own words and pictures." Weighing in at three kilograms and containing 368 pages and more than 1,300 images—including previously unseen photographs and personal memorabilia—it represents the most complete account of the Beatles to date, from their earliest days in Liverpool to the group's disintegration in 1970, following Lennon's appearance with the Plastic Ono Band in Toronto. Published by San Francisco's Chronicle Books and distributed by Raincoast Books in Canada, where it will retail for $92, the book completes the *Anthology* trilogy, which began in 1995 with a TV documentary and a three-CD set, which has now sold more than 45 million copies worldwide. Sir Paul has promised that the book will "put the record straight," adding, somewhat scathingly, "as every Tom, Dick and uncle of a milkman has been writing books on the Beatles since 1963."

Tight security surrounded the book in the weeks leading up to the Oct. 5 release. At times, the measures took on the seriousness of closely guarded state secrets. Both Chronicle and Raincoast, in keeping with an agreement reached with the Beatles' company, Apple Corps Ltd., imposed a strict embargo on advance reviews and sales prior to the publication date, insisting on signed agreements with media and retail outlets before copies of the book were released. Some Beatles observers were initially skeptical, including one who, writing to a Beatles Web site, likened *Anthology* to "modern-day Dead Sea Scrolls," a hype-generator that will simply perpetuate "the whole Beatles myth."

www.macleans.ca for links

But, through extensive interviews with McCartney, George Harrison and Ringo Starr, and from Lennon statements drawn from various sources, *Anthology* presents a warts-and-all portrait of the group. Many intriguing details have emerged in published excerpts of the book. According to McCartney, Hamburg—where the band cut its musical teeth performing in late-night clubs along the notorious Reeperbahn strip—was "a case of sex shock." Writes McCartney: "Suddenly, you'd have a girlfriend who was a stripper. If you had hardly ever had sex in your life before, this was fairly formidable." Harrison admits that McCartney, Lennon and the group's first drummer, Pete Best, witnessed his "first shag" because they all shared a room. "They couldn't really see anything because I was under the covers," recalls Harrison, "but after I'd finished, they all applauded and cheered."

The groups members are equally candid about their use of drugs, from getting turned on to marijuana by Bob Dylan and smoking copious amounts of it during the filming of *Help!*, to Lennon's confession that he dropped acid about 1,000 times. "We must always remember to thank the CIA and the army for LSD," said Lennon, in typically cheeky form. "They brought out LSD to control people, and what they did was give us freedom."

Posthumously, Lennon's iconic stature has far exceeded that of his fellow Beatles. Besides the CD and book reissues, the world's first permanent John Lennon Museum will open in Tokyo on Oct. 9, followed by a major Lennon exhibition at the Rock and Roll Hall of Fame and Museum in Cleveland. Meanwhile, Toronto's Royal Ontario Museum is presenting The Art of John Lennon, a collection of more than 100 signed prints and original drawings. And now Gary Bush, a Canadian filmmaker who photographed Lennon and Yoko at their Montreal Bed-In in 1969, is releasing a documentary, *Dear johnandyoko*, combining archival newsreel footage with Bush's own interpretations of what he calls "the most unforgettable event of my life." Bush, who was 17 at the time, allows that "world peace may or may not have been advanced by their actions that week," but he feels certain that Lennon touched many people with his message of "peace and love and the importance of following your dreams."



John and Paul: a dozen books are coming this fall

Like Saltzman, Bush is tapping into a rich, seemingly inexhaustible vein of nostalgia. In fact, with this fall's flood of releases, it seems as though John, Paul, George and Ringo—and all the accompanying Beatlemania—never went away.

On writing in an unsympathetic land

A memoir describes a novelist's struggles



Cohen embattled for his whole life

Typing: A Life in 26 Keys
By Matt Cohen
Random House, 237 pages, $32.95

One day when Matt Cohen was a teenager, his father, an Ottawa chemist, told him a short cautionary tale. "I used to write plays in university," the elder Cohen confessed to his son, "but then I grew up." If this was intended as a warning against the literary life, fortunately it didn't take. Cohen eventually turned himself into one of Canada's most respected writers, and when the 56-year-old author died last December of lung cancer, he had just won the Governor General's Award for his finest novel, *Elizabeth and After*. He had also just finished his memoir, *Typing: A Life in 26 Keys*.

At heart, this trenchantly compelling book is about how difficult it was, not just to become a successful writer, but to remain one in an unsympathetic land. The career of literature is still suspect in Canada, where a backwoods conviction about the essentially frivolous nature of fiction and poetry persists in far too many minds. But when you're Jewish, and a cranky outsider by nature, the struggle to carve a place in the country's literary culture, *Typing* suggests, can be that much harder.

This admission may surprise those who assume that Cohen, with his widely respected body of work (26 books, mostly fiction), was part of CanLit's inner circle. But Cohen never felt that way about himself. Though a fierce supporter of Canadian culture, he admits in *Typing* that he was never fully able to embrace this country's English-language literature with its predominantly Anglo-Saxon, Protestant, small-town view of the world. "Canadian fiction did not open my soul to itself, or even remind me of myself," he acknowledges. He was more drawn to the literature of Europe, and spent half of the past decade living there, where his own books sometimes enjoyed more success in translation than they had back home. Yet the great irony of his career, which he overlooks or ignores in *Typing*, is that many of his best novels, including his popular Salem quartet of the 1970s, as well as *Elizabeth and After*, bring to vivid life just the sort of small-town, nominally Christian





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Books

communities from which he claimed to feel so distant

Born in 1942 in Kingston, Ont., to a family of Russian-Jewish background, Cohen was a colicky, sickly, embattled baby, and he went right on being embattled for the rest of his life. Slow to find his true métier, he started off in science at the University of Toronto, switched to political economy (while hiding the change from his father) and spent a year teaching in the religion department at Hamilton's McMaster University. He admits he was appallingly unqualified for this job, which he got thanks to the influence of his friend and mentor, the McMaster-based philosopher George Grant, whom Cohen thinks just wanted someone congenial to talk to. Conversing by the hour with the great man was Cohen's real education, and while he ultimately had to reject Grant's conservative religious views, he embraced (more hopefully than Grant himself did) his teacher's vision of a national culture confident enough to survive American influence.

In the late '60s, Cohen gave up the safety of academe and—based mainly in Toronto—began to write fiction full time. He describes candidly and perceptively the arduous, heartbreaking process of finding his own voice, something he finally managed to do in his 1972 volume of short stories, *Columbus and the Fat Lady Typing* also offers some wonderful glimpses (not all of them sympathetic) of the dominant personalities during the golden coming-of-age period of Canadian writing and publishing. Especially poignant is Cohen's portrait of Margaret Laurence in her sad, alcohol-plagued final years. As Cohen wrote *Typing*, he was undoubtedly aware he might die soon himself. A sense of urgency pervades the book, and while this rushes some passages, it also contributes to the indomitable liveliness of *Typing*'s homage to the writing life.

John Bemrose



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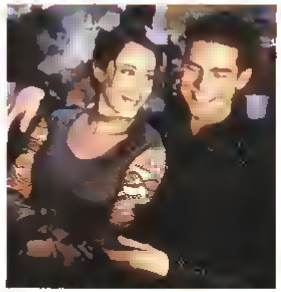
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Entertainment Notes

Angst TV online

TV that riffs on teen angst has been known to create a buzz at the mall. Now the makers of a new comedy series hope to do the same on the Internet. CBC-TV's *Our Hero*, which premieres on Oct. 5, follows the growing pains of 17-year-old Kale Stiglic (Cara Pifko), who starts her own underground zine to try and make sense of it all. Spliced with crude and quirky animation to simulate the feel of Kale's zine, the show comes with an interactive Web site for viewers to participate in quizzes, polls and discussions hosted by the show's characters. During the TV broadcast, viewers can log on and access the Web version, which shows the episode plus other aspects of Kale's world. The series includes amusingly offbeat touches, such as Kale's interview with herself on whether she's shallow, and lines with the ring of real teen dialogue ("My brother hit on her and she didn't even vomit!") But at times *Our Hero* seems too clever and farfetched, like the time Kale reconsiders her dream boy because she doesn't like his shoelaces. In all, a heroic, hip effort that sometimes tries too hard.



Pifko (left) lines of real teen dialogue

Susan Oh

Visionary designs

Charles Dunlop doesn't see his work the way others do. The designer of TV and film sets has Usher's syndrome, a genetic condition that causes a gradual loss of peripheral vision. But that hasn't kept him from creating more than 30,000 sq. ft. of sets for *The Associates*, a CTV series airing in 2001. "It makes me see things others don't," he says of his tunnel vision, which, like the eye of a camera lens, leaves only the object directly in front clearly visible. "I've built my career on that." Dunlop's film work can be seen in *Thomas and the Magic Railroad*, and in the upcoming *Urban Legend 2*. "There's a notion that visual impairment is a detriment in my line of work," says Dunlop, who is proof that the most powerful organ of sight is the mind's eye.

As they like it

Canada's pre-eminent Shakespeare festival recently won some extraordinary applause from a pair of die-hard fans. Senator Michael Meighen and his wife, Kelly, have given $5 million to the Stratford Festival, the largest donation in its 48-year history. "The festival has always been a part of our lives," says Michael Meighen, 61, whose family—like his wife's—has roots in the area in southwestern Ontario, and who has been a volunteer at Stratford for 10 years. "We're extraordinarily attached to the people who make it hum." The money will go into training young classical actors and developing new Canadian plays. And it has earned the Meighens their own standing ovation.



Stratford theatre, die-hard fans

Science on the wing

There is science writing of the just-the-facts sort, and then there's the way Bob McDonald does it. In *Measuring the Earth with a Stick* (Penguin) the veteran host of CBC Radio's *Quirks & Quarks* connects the insights of science with everyday life. And whether contemplating the principle of terminal velocity during a sky dive or visiting the Snow Punchers (a Canadian Forces detachment that keeps British Columbia's Rogers Pass avalanche-free by firing Howitzers), McDonald never loses his fascination with the elegance of nature. Or with the errors of researchers. Scientists at de Havilland, for instance, who tested their planes by firing dead chickens from an air gun at them, had a wing destroyed after a summer intern loaded the gun with a frozen turkey.



Best-Sellers

	POSITION LAST WEEK
Fiction	
1. THE BLIND ASSASSIN, Margaret Atwood (5)	1
2. NO GREAT MISCHIEF, Alistair MacLeod (48)	6
3. THE BEAR AND THE DRAGON, Tom Clancy (6)	4
4. WINTER SOLSTICE, Rosamunde Pilcher (7)	2
5. MERCY AMONG THE CHILDREN, David Adams Richards (2)	7
6. ANIL'S GHOST, Michael Ondaatje (27)	3
7. DEADLY DECISIONS, Kathy Reichs (8)	5
8. SLAMMERKIN, Emma Donoghue (2)	10
9. FAITH OF THE FALLEN, Terry Goodkind (3)	8
10. COLD IS THE GRAVE, Peter Robinson (1)	
Nonfiction	
1. STAR SPANGLED CANADIANS, Jeffrey Simpson (5)	4
2. IN A SUNBURNED COUNTRY, Bill Bryson (18)	1
3. THE MAN WHO LOST HIMSELF, June Callwood (2)	3
4. WILD STONE HEART, Shirley Rutella (8)	2
5. THE WORLD WE WANT, Mark Kingwell (1)	
6. FROM DAWN TO DECADENCE, Jacques Barzun (8)	9
7. FIVE DAYS IN LONDON, John Lukacs (36)	5
8. TRADE SECRETS, Pat Carney (2)	8
9. SAINT SAUL, Donald Akenson (1)	
10. ONE GOOD TURN, Witold Rybczynski (3)	8

() Weeks on list. *Compiled by Brian Bethune*



Allan Fotheringham

The last of the giants

Canadian politics will never be the same again after Pierre Trudeau. He set his mark with his style—even now Stockwell Day trying to emulate it (the effort without the intellect)—that will be remembered perhaps longer than his accomplishments. But he changed us more than we realize.

Lester Pearson, who couldn't really speak French but could fake it well enough for formal occasions, predicted that after he left 24 Sussex Drive there would never be another Canadian prime minister who was not completely bilingual. He was right, of course, and Trudeau's official bilingualism legislation ensured that. The proof (and the victims) of that were John Crosbie and Preston Manning, each in his own time arguably the most intelligent MP in the Commons.



Pierre Trudeau, the politician, could not have existed without the existence of John Kennedy. In 1961, when JFK entered the White House, Canadians as much as Americans were intrigued by this new creation—a pol so different from the usual selection of fuddy-duddies. Rich, casual, witty, a beautiful young wife he held so much promise and made it all fun. Canadians were jealous, understandably.

In 1968, still riding the euphoria of Montreal's Expo 67, we suddenly discovered this reluctant warrior, who confessed to the press that he at first thought it "a joke" that he, of the Three Wise Men brought in from Quebec by Pearson, would be considered a prime-ministerial candidate. But there he was, rich, casual, witty, attracted to attractive women. Further: athletic and effortlessly bilingual! I first met him early one Sunday morning in the first months of 1968 when he came to Vancouver to gauge his B.C. support for the "joke" campaign. We flew in an old Grumman Goose floatplane over to Victoria, skimming in the sunlight over the dazzling Gulf Islands. We landed in the harbour and taxied almost to the door of the ivy-covered Empress Hotel, the scene right off a postcard.

Inside, at a noon reception for eager local Liberals, he leaned with his elbow on the mantel over the fireplace and talked softly and the matrons in tweeds absolutely swooned. We flew back over the water for an evening reception in the Hotel Vancouver ballroom. An hour before the doors were scheduled to open, a mob of several hundred had gathered. At the front, right at the unopened door, was one of the most beautiful girls these jaded eyes had ever glimpsed. She had a head of tight red curls, luminous eyes that were dancing with excitement and she was literally bouncing up and down, asking over and over again of her female companion: "Do you think he will remember me?"

Trudeau appeared, his aides parting the crowd like the Red Sea. In a scene so like Monica Lewinsky rushing Bill Clinton at the rope line, Margaret Sinclair—first encountered in a bikini on a raft in Tahiti while on a family holiday—bounced forward. He remembered her all right.

Pierre Trudeau went up and down in public affection because he was often perceived—accurately—as treating politics as a game. Which it is, really. A very serious game—unlike, say, sport—but still a game. As proof, when he left his news conferences in the theatre at the National Press Building on Wellington Street across from Parliament Hill, he would punch me in the gut as he went by, an acknowledgment, as I took it, of someone who did not take everything seriously in a newspaper column. When he resigned, he brought out his storied Mercedes convertible and cruised up the long driveway to Rideau Hall to deliver his resignation papers to the Governor General. He eased his steed to a halt before several hundred journalists and, at the final moment, turned the wheel and ran over my foot. A farewell joke-putdown.

His intellectual arrogance could turn to cruelty. When Margaret, after their split, published her second book following the first, which mentioned some of her sexual adventures, someone asked him what he thought of it. "Well," he said, "it means she has now written two more books than she has read." He was responsible for the trend towards the omniscient PMO and its "presidential" aura that has left a few key cabinet ministers all-powerful and the backbenchers ever more compliant seals.

It is the deepest of ironies that as his final illness progressed, the issue of *Vanity Fair* on the newsstands featured a selection of the "It Girls"—women whose beauty and personality and flair make them stand out while time passes on. And there, among them, was Margaret, dancing up a storm at Studio 54.

And Pierre Trudeau? Since him we have had Joe Clark, John Turner, Brian Mulroney, Kim Campbell, Jean Chrétien. They don't make giants anymore.



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